

12316.d.47.

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of the persons introduced
in a contemporary hand writing
which parts of it
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See page 157 as to the
author

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A
Morning's Discourse
OF *KA* *Bo Gryffydd*
Bottomless Tubb,

Introducing the *1726*
Historical F A B L E
O F T H E

O A K

AND HER
Three PROVINCES;
OR,

Transactions in GOVERNMENT among
TREES:

Being Historical and Saryrical REMARKS
on Passages in some late REIGNS; mix'd with
Comical Dialogues in the Jargon or Brogue of
several Nations, viz.

FRENCH, IRISH, SCOTCH, WELSH, &c.

Written by a Lover of the LOYAL, HONEST,
and MODERATE PARTY.

LONDON: Printed for JOHN MORPHEW
near Stationer's Hall. 1712.

A
 Morning's Discourse
 OF A
 Bottomless Cup
 Introducing the
 Historical F A R L E
 OF THE

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 MUSEUM

Translations in Government among
 THREE
 Being Historical and Critical REMARKS
 on Passages in some late REIGNS, mixed with
 General Disquisitions on the Progress of
 several Nations, &c.
 FRENCH, IRISH, SCOTCH, WELSH, &c.

Written by Lewis, John, & Thomas
 and M. G. B. B. B.

LONDON: Printed for John Moxon
 near Stationers' Hall.

~~but that your Judgment is 2~~

~~and I have~~

~~good Nature is~~

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**TO ALL
True LOVERS of
MODERATION,
In Matters Ecclesiastical
or Civil.**

TIS With some Diffi-
dence and Fear of
Presumption, that
these ensuing Sheets are Dedi-
cated to You, who are a Party
so very Praise-worthy and
Significant, that in my Opi-
nion, you excell any other
whatsoever; but when, with
this Character of you, I confi-

Epistle Dedicatory.

der that your Judgment is Serene and Unbiass'd, and your good Nature is Conjunctive with this great Gift of Moderation. I persuade my self, that what you here read, tho' season'd in some Places with Satyrical Mixtures, will, for the Novelty's sake in general, procure your Diversion.

The Introduction or *Morning's Discourse*, &c. was design'd for the Press some Years since, but laid aside upon an Accidental Occasion; which perhaps may a little pall the Matter in the Reading; but it being a Trifle of small Account, and only the Product of a few Idle Hours, the Consideration of the Time when it should have appear'd, is of equal Validity; and to you of the Moderate sort,
A if

Epistle Dedicatory.

if there is any Thing of Value
in it, will give no less Satis-
faction. but, ^{as to Church}
^{or State} I am not Insensible, that the
Notion of a Moderate Man, as
the World goes, is counted
very Ridiculous, and that a
great many of the other Parties,
will be ready to call him a
Tritinder, or a Linseywoolsey Bro-
ther, a Lukewarm: Wretch,
a Wandering, Time-serving, Ty-
morous Creature, that is afraid
to stick to any one Side, for
fear it should not long be sup-
permost; such a one ought to
be counted a Ridiculous Mo-
derator indeed; but I neither
am I, nor those that I present
these Papers to, of that pitiful
kind; the Moderate Men that
I mean, are Persons of sound
and substantial Judgment, not

Epistle Dedicatory.

of violent, rash, or precipitated Sentiments, neither in Church or State, but such as love Reason calmly Argu'd, and not with Jesuitical Raving, and Indulge so just a Medium between the two Extremes of Hot and Cold, that the Plant intended to be Nourish'd, is neither Scorch'd nor Frozen; that wish to have the Rights of the Church defended by mild Principles of Duty, not by Violence and Clamour, and could be very glad to give due Approbation to Politicks, founded on Temperate Wisdom, Unbias'd by Interest, or the Lascious Temptations of Popular Dignity; of this kind are the Men of Moderation that I Address to, who ought to be Selected and Honour'd

Epistle Dedicatory

nour'd for the Prudent deciding
of National differences, and
not respected for Improving
Cavils of any kind, that tend
to the Prejudice of their Coun-
try; which the solidly Wise
and Vertuous abhor, and which
St. Paul earnestly exhorts a-
gainst; *Phil. Chap. iv. Ver. 5.*
As obstructive to natural Con-
tentment, and also to the Means
of Salvation.

As to the Fable, there has
been nothing Written of that
kind, that falls into my Me-
mory, but a former Treatise
call'd *Dodona's Grove*, which
was Wrote upon another Sub-
ject of Solemn Concernment;
I cannot come up to the Gra-
vity nor Sense of that, but if
my Remarks, by a cursory
View

Epistle Dedicatory

View of the Transactions in
in some late Reigns, gives my
Judicious Friends an Hours
Entertainment, I shall, per-
haps, in another Piece, publish
the Antagonist's Answer, in a
Story, that may give some
new pleasant Hints on past and
present Affairs; in which, if
the Instructive part should fail,
the Divertive may be allow'd;
and that's as great a Happiness
as any Author in this Age, with
his utmost Ambition, can pre-
tend to.

*Wrote upon another Sub-
ject of Solemn Concernment;
I cannot come up to the Gra-
vity nor Sense of that; but if
my Remarks, by a cursory
View*

*Wrote upon another Sub-
ject of Solemn Concernment;
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vity nor Sense of that; but if
my Remarks, by a cursory
View*

Morning's Discourse

OF A
BOTTOMLESS TUB.

IT is deliberately allow'd by the
Judicious, that amongst all the
Counties in *Great Britain*, no
one is more Fertile or Delightful than
Surrey, especially one Part of it, as
being by its Situation more Pleasant
and Beautiful than any other Place;
the numerous Springs of clear running
Water, and fragrant Plants, with
which Nature has adorn'd it, giving
entire Satisfaction all Summer-time to
some of our Senses, as the welcome
Breezes of the Gentle *Zephyr* from the
verdant and spacious Downs adjoyn-
ing, by the refreshing Element of Air
and Prospect do to others; which al-
together may deservedly give it the
Title of a Little Paradise, planted by
Providence, to oblige particular Fa-
B vourites,

A Morning's Discourse

yourites, or figuratively appearing to the Eye, like some Charming Picture of some Excellent Beauty, drawn by a Skilful Artist in Miniature.

'Twas to this delicious Place from our great Metropolis, that in the warm Season of the Year, my Rural as well as Poetical Inclinations generally drew me, where in the most delightful Part of it a beautiful Park, blest with the aforesaid Watry Rarities. It chanc'd that another Gentleman and my self making to the Place an early Visit, fell into a very warm Dispute. The Controverſie was Critically Scholaſtick, for he was vindicating with great Vehemence, a certain Treatiſe written ſome Years ſince, publiſh'd by the Title of *A Tale of a Tub*; which, for all its ſmattering of Learning and Spice of Ingenuity, was by many of the Judicious, who deliberately inſpected it, frequently found to be frivolous, or if we may make uſe of a quibbling Figure, *Bottomleſs*, and in a great Measure not deſerving the Credit it has got in the World. The Book on the Inſtant being produced, was very often bandied to and fro betwixt us, till at laſt by the

Gen-

Gentleman's Bluntness in Language provok'd, I could not forbear entering into a Contradictory Discourse in this manner.

To criticize or make Remarks upon every Head of this Romantick Piece, which you have a great part of this Morning so warmly vindicated, would take up, not only the remaining part of the present Day, but possibly all the rest of the Year, they being so many, and withall so confused and whimsical, that the Patience of another *Rawleigh*, who undertook and performed the History of the World, would at the Endeavour be quite Jaded; I shall only therefore particularize some of the most noted, as they have deliberately fall'n under my Rule of Observation.

First then, I think with Reason, instead of calling his Book, *A Tale of a Tub*, though it does in some measure, express the strange Incoherence, that the Reader might expect within; yet I think a *Bundle of Discreffions* had been more proper, for those appearing most largely up and down the Work,

A Morning's Discourse

ought by that Title most plainly to have expressed the Subject-Matter.

In the *Second Place*, I cannot forbear thinking, the Insolence of this unknown Author to be very worthy of Contempt; he takes upon him very bluntly, and I think too, I may likewise say, very Ungentlemanlike (tho' perhaps he supposes that may be covered under the Notion of his Pedantry) to rally and abuse several Learned and Ingenious Authors, viz. * *Mr. Dryden, Mr. Tate, Mr. Dennis, Mr. Rymer, Mr. Wotton.* But the particular Knot of his Satyrick Lash, I find is most severely floguing the Shoulders of *Dr. Bentley*, not (as he insinuates in one Page here) that 'tis occasion'd by any want of Merit in the Person, his own Dislike of him, or any Reason for so doing; but that his notable, selfish, and cunning Book-seller, at whose Expence he frequently Supp'd on a Scholar's Egg or two liquor'd perhaps with half a Dozen Pints of strong *Port*, gave him the worthy Subject, telling him any thing that could scratch till it smarted; the aforesaid Doctor, would not only infallibly take with the Town, but likewise

* Tale of
a Tub,
pag. 9.

wise hedge in the Payment of his Bill for Books upon a former Account, as well as some now to be employ'd in assisting the Performance of this *†* *†* P. 213. *Miraculous Treatise*, as he is pleased jocosely to term it.

Now the notable Touches on the rambling Subject of his Book, I dare swear, he thinks, (as indeed a great many in Town do besides) very Schollar-like and witty; well, perhaps I think so too, yet for all that, I shall not fear to say, his exposing Authors nominally, and sheltring himself from Reprehension by Concealment, is very immoral and unjust, and ought reasonably to take away the Respect and Applause, due to both the Attributes before mention'd; and for my self in particular, I shall not through any apprehension of his Gygantick Merit spare him, who for his Diversion is pleased to make so bold with me, concurring with the Famous *Tasso*, *L'alte non temo, e l'umili non sdegno*.

To proceed therefore, for all this smart Gentlemans Endeavours to hide himself, 'tis found at last, it has only been in a Net, for he has since been

discovered through the Meshes, and is, (bless us! who would think it) of the Divine Order of the Cassock, but whether Canonical or otherwise, Report does not confirm. 'Tis enough for me, that Publick Fame has so denoted him, and for Dr. Bentley's sake, I will present him with the Name and Title of Dr. Digression or Fargon, to supply the Defect the Reader may find in the Front of his admirable Piece; * Monsieur Charron,

* Charron
de sagesse.

in his Book of Wisdom, Candidly says, *Tout Proposition humain a autant d'autorité qu'il autre, si la Raison n'en fait la difference*; it seems our Critick amongst the Crowd of his Learned Authors, has not yet consulted him, nor has Pliny fal'n into his way among the Classics, who says, † *Scias ipsum plurimis virtutibus abundare qui alienas sic amat*. — No, our Satyrist is too full of himself, to have Candour for any other Author: And since therefore, not only his Abuse of Modern Writers, but his Pagan way of scandalizing the Sacred Apostles and Scriptures, have deserved to be exposed, begging Pardon of the Wise and Honourable Members of the Gown,
for

† Lib. 1.
Epist. 17.

for taking their Cause in Hand, whose Judgement, if their Leisure, would permit 'em to meddle with this Matter, could have done it much more effectually: I will by another Piece of Railery, for he shall find that I am a little *Miraculous* that way too, as well as himself, make out that this wonderful Work of his, deserves not only to be Sacrific'd as the Law singly appoints, but generally by the several Sorts of People, he has so Romantickly and rashly injur'd.

First, Then if 'tis to be allow'd, that besides himself, (for not to allow him would be Folly unpardonable) there are in the World any such People as Modern Wits, this Piece here maugre your hot Vindication, my cholerick Friend, ought to be burnt by them with uncommon Inveteracy, since he thinks it not enough to affront the Muse, the Muse, that not only to shew its rare and singular Quality, gives unparallel'd Renown to him, whom it inspires after Death, but also before, pursuant to *Ovid*, who gratefully acknowledges it says,

* Ovid de
Pont.
lib. 3.
Epist. 4.

* *Tu mihi quod rarum vivo sublime
dedisti.
Nomen ab exequiis, quod dare fama
solet.*

And then again,

*Quid nisi Pierides solatia frigida
restat?*

† Preface
P. 16.

|| Tale of
a Tub.

P. g. 10.

But also dares scandalously mingle the delightful, as well as sublime Mystery of Poetry: † Poetry the most refined Oar in the Noble Treasury of Learning, with a Senceless Jargon || of Schools of Spelling, Looking-Glasses, Swearing, Salivation, Hobby-Horses, Tops, and Gaming, and then with an unparallel'd Insolence likewise tells us, he will describe the Authors Persons at large, and their Genius's and Understandings in Miniature: Now if this be not an Admirable Picture of singular Opinion, I am sure I have no Skill in drawing, and yet on my Conscience, if this Divine Critick had sat to me in the very Posture, and illustrated with the same *Laconick* Phyz, as when he was setting down this bold

bold Position; with the little Skill I have, I could have shewn the afore-said abject Authors, one Figure at least, that should have diverted; for having seen some Vices painted by the Ancients, I observ'd Arrogance to be the most ridiculous Form of all, and most capable to provoke Derision.

The next Remark of his in his Preface, seems likewise to be very particular; he says, 'Tis the Opinion amongst *Mythologists*, that *Weeds have* Pag. 24. *the Pre-eminence over all Vegetables.*

Which truly I think is only to be made out, by his uncommon (out of the way) Fancy, that is perpetually asserting and contriving a Set of Whimsical Incongruities, and Extravagant Positions, for solid Truths and Certainties. But then for his next Topick, *That all Weeds cannot Sting, because Nettles do;* That, because it very much alludes to himself, shall pass current at present, with my Approbation; and if he will condescend to own himself such a Weed, much good may it do him with his stinging Quality.

But

But now to come closer to him, what causes my Admiration, as well as Diversion most is the confusive Character he gives of himself; first with a seeming Modesty he intimates, in the aforesaid Preface, that the notable Novelty of his Book was written for Fame. But that he does not envy nor undervalue the Talent he cannot reach. And then a little further, whimsically affirms, He has neither Talent nor Inclination at all. In one Place he tells you, He is an adopted Member of the illustrious Fraternity of the Grubstreet Writers. And in another, some time after, calls himself Secretary to the Universe; and withal declares, That his lofty Genius will inspire him to write a Panegyrick upon the World, and vie with that lofty Author, who shil'd just such another Work, De Arte paranda fama. Hey, presto, this Gentleman must certainly be an Excellent Jugler, for his Balls here fly backward and forward, and over and under, with admirable Dexterity: But hold, the Reader is to know how to unriddle a Mystery, that this is only a Piece of School-banter, or to give it
a fit

Preface.

Pag. 13.

Pag. 36.

a fitter Term, an Excellence. known by a Modern Figure, call'd *Dumfounding*. A Portion of Wit some time since only us'd by a Vagabond sort of Strollers, and other Out-casts to Sense and Argument: Tho' by the Author's Diligence here, and the Rarities set down in his Treatise, receiv'd by the Town as singularly refin'd and authentick, to the great Amazement of the Judicious, and all the considerative Part of the Lovers of Learning.

However, if we turn back a little in another Place, indeed he gives us a small Glimpse of Reason for his Mechanick Method, which is no better nor worse than the Indigence, and wretched Condition, which it seems Pag. 19.

he was in, at the time when his indulgent Bookseller gave him the hint of this Divine piece of Banter, which has not only so unmercifully worried the Modern Poets and Wits; but Atheistically and Unchristianlike, the Apostles also in the Conclusion; for now he falls into a dozing fit of Humility, and confesses that this Piece Tale of a Tub. was written in Bed in a Garret, often sharpen'd with Hunger, and under a long Course of Physick, and Want of Money:

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Money : Bless us ! What a Chaos of various Conditions, would this Whimsical Author make us believe he has suffer'd, in the turning over a few Pages ? Here he's *Secretary to the Universe*, in another Place *Miraculous* for his great Genius, and then a little further, *A deplorable Beggar*, half starv'd in a Garret : But have Patience a little, this you are to understand is only Banter still, a Pedant's new Jest, as I told you before ; but truly I think very unbecoming any Gentleman's Pen, much less, one that has the Honour to be of the Clergy, *En matiere d'esprit ce n'est pas le grand ni le sublime qui plaist à proprement parler, c'est je ne scay quoy de fine & delicate.* And therefore for lessening himself in this Scandalous Manner ; in the next Place his Book ought to be condemn'd by an Assembly of such People, viz. *Strollers, Mechanicks, &c.* and for another special Reason too, for here's a little further, he condescends to give himself a very great Intimacy with Plays also, by his particular Consideration of a Play-House, for here, shaking hands with his dear Brother Critick Parson C——, whose
Name

Name I dash, to shew I have more Manners than he has, and whose re-forming Pen having left off that Quality, has since been employ'd in spoiling of *Dictionaries*, and Matters of more profitable moment: reflecting on him I say, Dr. *Digression* makes himself extreamly familiar with Dramatics, and is very pleasant about the Contrivance of a Theatre, deliberately discovering, how the Pit is sunk *Pag. 40.* below the Stage, that the weighty Matters may fall plum, (a Scholastick Word that he often uses, and extreamly delights in) into the Jaws of the Critics, and also terms it a *Physicological Scheme of Oratorical Receptacles and Machines*, (very polite truly) one would swear that this renown'd Author, had just before been reading *Gongora*, whom the Romantick Fustian Spaniards call the Wonderful, but for nothing, 'tisthought, but his Monstrous Epithets and Metaphors, who in one of his Odes, where he would magnify a small River near *Madrid*, writes thus,

Man-

A Morning's Discourse

*Mancanares, Mancanares,
Os que en todo el aguatismo
Eftois Duque de arroyos,
Y Visconde de los rios.*

Whimfically stiling it Duke of Rivers, and Viscount of Brooks and Aqueducts. Nor does his late particular Phrase only Illustrate this Learned Piece here; but for all his railing at others Fustian, you shall find frequently, *Pruriences, Protuberances, Adumbrations, Prolegomenas, Apparatus's, Tothereadersses, Fastidiousity, Amomorphy & Oscitation.* And an Army of others as powerful, endeavouring to fright common Sence out of its Wits, and confound the good Method of Stile to a Degree of Barbarism.

For which Pedantick Abuse to School-Learning, I think his bantering Treatise, notwithstanding the sprinklings of Wit that are glossing up and down in it, ought to be used, as I hinted before; and as you proceed further, you'll find it deseryes that Fate also from our famous College of *Bedlam*, especially from some of their Hands, who by their Physician's Skill and Care, have retriev'd

a Portion of their Senses, that were roving a little before among the Mountains of the Moon; for here our incomparable Digressor entertains a Whim, to counterfeit himself stark Mad, and gives the patient Reader particular Knowledge of his Fit in these Terms.

* I reckon, says he, a poor Remains of * Tale of
unfortunate Life well employ'd, and a Tub.
worn to the Pith in the Service of the
State, in Pro's and Con's upon Popish
and Meal-Tub Plots, Exclusion Bills,
and Passive-Obedience, Prerogative,
and Property, and from an Understanding
and a Conscience threadbare, and
ragged with perpetual turning, from a
head broken in a hundred places by the
Malignants of opposite Factions, and
from a Body wasted by Poxes ill cur'd,
trusting to Bauds and Surgeons, who
as it afterwards appear'd, were profess'd
Enemies to Me and the Government,
and reveng'd their Partys Quarrel upon my Nose and Shins.

Oh rare Doctor! the Banter that has tickl'd such a Number of the unthinking Wife-acres of the Town, rises now to a Height strong and Spirituous: But dost hear, my Friend?

Whi-

Whither, in the Name of a good Christian, is the Modesty of a Clergy-man sunk? In what *Avernian* Cavern has *Decency* hid her self, so proper to twine about the Cassock, and keep from the nipping Blasts of Irreligious Sentiments, the Body of Divinity? Alas! 'tis evident our Critick takes no care of this; for see, like one bewitch'd, and worse than Lunatick, he begins

* Tale of again, * Fourscore and Eleven Pamphlets have I written under three Reigns, for the Service of thirty six Factions, but finding the State has no further occasion for me and my Ink, I retire willingly to draw it out into Speculations more becoming a Philosopher, having to my unspeakable Comfort, wasted a long Life, with a Conscience void of Offence towards God, and towards Man.

Very fine; I vow, I think I may at this here join with the Laughing Town, and own the Banter to be extreamly Whimsical, but for the *Wit* that's in it, that lies so concealed, that no Chymistry, that I have, can calcine it, and therefore must refer my self to the more knowing, and proceed to some other Pages of this miraculous Piece,

Piece, not being able to keep my self from playing the Critick now, tho' I am descanting on him, for unjustly presuming too far in his Treatise upon that Subject.

In his third Digression here, his ironical Abuse of Dr. *Wotton's* Philosophy is very particular, he will positively allow that Author, to be nothing but a Madman, and says, That his Brother Modernists vote him Crackbrain'd, with so much Vehemence and Noise, that it reaches up to the Garret, where he is writing: Are not the Baud of Authors to be infallibly reform'd by such Criticks as this? Now, really, for my own part I think not, since the Reprehension is so far from Rational, that it appears to me to be only the Effect of Petulant Humour and Whimsy. And as Monsieur *Balzac* says, *Si pareilles gens avoient la direction du monde, ils voudroient ôter le printemps & la Jeunesse l'un de l'année & l'autre de la vie*; therefore this last Assertion I take to be rather another Rapture of his own Lunacy, than any that appears in the afore said Gentleman's Writings; but several Wits have
C their

pag. 168.

their Times and Seasons for doing properly, and that those who are possess'd with Delirium's, have their Intervals of Reason and Solidity in Argument, is commonly prov'd, and no wonder at all. I have read a Story out of a Celebrated Author, of a young Merchant-Adventurer, who by great Losses at Sea, and accidental Misfortunes in his way of Traffick, was found by all his Friends and Acquaintance, as well as other People in general, who daily observed in his Words and Actions strange Extravagancies, to be Crack-brain'd, and therefore by some, in whom either Relation, or his Merit had wrought Compassion, was secured, and plac'd in an Hospital set apart and endow'd for the Relief of Distracted Persons, where being under the Care of a Judicious and Able Physician, he was in some Months time reduc'd, as every one thought, to very great Order; and in short time after, so much mended, that he gain'd not only the Opinion of his own Doctor, but of several sage Friends and Visitants who had been there, and had discoursed him upon several Subjects, to be in all Points

Compos

Compos Mentis ; for to every Question he gave such Rational Answers, with such distinct Deliverance, and in so compos'd a manner, that they unanimously affirm'd him to be perfectly restor'd ; whereupon (pursuant to his Desire) they wrote several Letters to the Governour to set him at Liberty, —which he (pretending to be more discerning in those Affairs than they) still refus'd, confidently assuring them they were mistaken, for to his Knowledge, his Frenzy was as great as ever ; this caus'd several other Meetings and Tryals by way of Argument ; at all which times our Madman came off with Credit, and his Friends were now so fully resolv'd in their first Opinion, That one Day, being very angry at any Pretension of longer Delays, they resolv'd to have him away with 'em, and to that end sent for the Governour, who came, but still persisted in his former Assertion, which to confute, the *mad Merchant* was brought in, who tho' with his modest Behaviour, sensible Replies to all Questions, and all other Proofs of sound Judgment, he wonderfully satisfied all the rest ; yet the subtle old Governour

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did nothing but shake his Head and laugh at 'em, insomuch that some there believ'd he put a Jest upon 'em, especially one of his Top Relations, who resolving to convey him Home to his own House the same Night, proposes it to the next that stood by him, who answer'd, he thought it very reasonable for him to be removed, but that at present it was impossible for him to ride thither, because that the last Night there had fall'n so great a Rain, that the vast Floods would hinder their Passage, having made over the Roads such a Deluge, and still fell down the Hills with such Impetuosity, and spread over the Meadows so largely, that they look'd just like a Sea : To which the Merchant, who was eagerly hearing the Means of his Deliverance, his Eyes inflam'd on the suddain, and his whole Frame disorder'd, fiercely answer'd, What a Plague do you tell me of the Sea, and its raging, Zoons, am not I *Neptune*, who command the Watry Element, all shall vanish in a Moment, and we'll go Home without being whet-shod? — At this, the Governor well pleas'd, to find that they had

had touch'd the right String by chance, broke out into a new fit of Laughing, of whom the Gentleman, who now fell off from having his Cousin *Neptune* home with him, beg'd Pardon for his Diffidence, and the Madman was again remitted to his Cell.

Now though this Story be somewhat stale, the Application of it is Novel enough, and not a little suitable to our Doctors Jargon, the Principal Subject Matter of his Book, as a covert Satyr upon *Popery* and *Pbanaticism*, being very instructive, is wittily design'd, and the Judicious Reader would be ready to swear with the Partial Town, that the Gentleman is not only a smart Scholar, but a solid Protestant, and consequently a good Christian. But then suddenly, in some confounded Digression, a few Pages after, the mad Vein being touch'd, either By Dr. Bently, Mr. Wootton, or some other Modern Writer, he Mimicks Cousin *Neptune* to the heighth, and instead of a Taper-Clergyman, swells up within a very small Matter of the overgrown Size of a Bulky *Atheist*, and is as ravingly

mad as our before-mention'd Merchant for the Heart of him, as in the following Heads of his Miraculous Book, which I have quoted, will plainly appear.

- First, Speaking of his Metaphysical
 Pag. 155. Conjectures, he says, *That as the most unciviliz'd Part of Mankind have some way or other climbed up into the Conception of a GOD, so they have seldom forgot to provide their Fears with certain gasbly Notions, which instead of better have served them pretty tolerably for a Devil.* Now really, this seems to me to carry a very flighting Air with it, and looks as if the Critical Digressor, had a Months Mind to demonstrate himself to be one of the unciviliz'd Peoples Opinion, which is seconded presently, for here a few
 Pag. 160. Pages after, he couples *the Fumes of a Fakes, with the Incense from an Altar*, for which, as *Spirituelle*, as this Gentleman's Notions are by the Town supposed to be, I must beg their leave to affirm, That tho' one of his Sences may be allow'd perfect, a suppos'd famous Faculty seems a little corrupted by making such Comparison; besides, I am apt to believe, the Judicious

cious Scanner of his Book, upon a second Reading, will hardly let him scape from a severe Censure, for in Conclusion, as I was saying before, he now turns Cousin *Neptune* in good Earnest, questioning and lessening in his Fragment, the Divinity and Inspiration of the *Apostles* and *Prophets*, and with an Assurance only proper for a Critick of his Kidney, calls it a *Religious Enthusiasm*, and a lifting up the Soul and its Faculties above Mat-
ter, then pounding his Opinions^{P.} together, mixes it with the Devils possessing People, and to crown his Admirable Topick, affirms, *That the Corruption of Sences is the Generation of the Spirit, That Men establish a Fellowship of Christ with Belial, and such is the Analogy between Cloven Tongues and Cloven Feet: And lastly, to prove a particular Transport in his Prophane Lunacy, affirms, That a Debate has continued this Hundred Years, whether the Deportment and Cant of our English Enthusiastick Preachers was Possession or Inspiration.* And for this extravagant Position, (I know not indeed how it might pass in the *Jews Synagogue*)

Fragment.

P. 302.

A Morning's Discourse

but by a Jewry of honest Christians, if nothing else made his Book Guilty, as *Miraculous* as it is, it ought to have been condemn'd and executed instead of Carefs'd and Applauded. And now since I have with a Cursory Eye made these few Observations, amongst a number more that might have been expos'd; I hope the Readers of our Learned *Digressor*, will candidly own, in Honour of *Religion and Inspiration*, which his Licentious Fancy too much delighted with flashy Humours, has made him lessen and neglect, that the Sentence upon his Book, notwithstanding, Sir, your late hot Argument is but just, and that he himself will acknowledge it, believing on due Consideration, he cannot be destitute of so much Probity, as not to own there may be Motes in his own Eyes, as conspicuous and plain, as those he can observe in other Peoples, for as a witty French Author says, *Pour luy qui a un Amour naturel pour la verité il ne la peut cacher, quand mesme elle est contre luy, & qu'il trouve ceux qui si veulent faire connoistre à la posterité autrement qu'ils ne sont aussi ridicules,*

*qu'un borgne qui se feroit peindre avec
deux bons yeux.*

But before he is left quite off, I think fit to make another short Remark on one Instance more in his Book, which is his wonderful Esteem for the Numerical Figure *Three*, which he pretends to admire before all other Numbers; one might hope from hence at first indeed, some Divine Thought, some Serious Explanation of the *Mystery of the Trinity*, or such like might have inspired a *Gown-Man* of his Rank and Docity; but it seems another Story had greater Prevalence, and that of the *Three Brothers, Peter, Martin, and Jack*, gave Theme for his Subject Matter, which I confess at the beginning, with some smart Satyrical Touches against *Popery*, and the *Incomprehensible Transub*, gives with its Wit and Humour considerable Diversion, as long as *Lord Peter* is pleased to Act his Part well, and the *Brown Loaf* with a desert of confounded Oaths and Curses, is attested and imposed to be a Banquet of the rarest Flesh and Wine, to entertain himself and the rest of his Brethren: But when he flags to *Martin and Jack*,
finish.

finishing all their Stories abruptly, without any Contexture or Method, and at last concludes, with the Prophane Opinion and Assertions before recited, I cannot forbear losing part of the Liking I had commenc'd for his Work : But to shew him I have a great Value for his Number *Three*, as well as himself ; I will by way of Return, for the odd Stories he has given Us, end my Discourse with a Fable of the *Three Provinces*, under the Government of a *Regal Oak*, growing or reigning amongst Her Arborick Subjects in the World of the Moon.

I had no sooner made this Conclusion, but my severe Antagonist, being now talk'd a little more into Temper, and being willing to hear an Account of the Transactions that had passed in so extraordinary a Place, readily consents to lend his Patience to be so diverted ; so that both sitting down on a Bench, at the Foot of a Tall spreading Oak, that flourish'd near one of the Delightful Springs before mentioned ; I began my *Second Discourse* in this manner,

Sacra Jovis Quercus.

THE

**THE
Pleasant FABLE**

**OF THE
OAK**

**And Her
Three Provinces.**

IN the Lucid Body of the Moon,
where (as several Famous *Bards*
have late found out) are vast Regions
and Territories, there are *Three* flour-
ishing *Provinces*; the first and most
delightful lying *Eastward*, being
known by the Title of the Province
of Roses and Artichocks: The second
lying

England

*The Fable of the Oak**Ireland**Scotland*

lying *Westward*, from thence, called the *Province of Potato's*: And the *Third* bounding towards the *North*, Intitled the *Province of Thistles*, all under the Government and Jurisdiction of *Oak Royal*, who as Queen Regent, by Lineal Succession and Right, was acknowledg'd Undoubted Sovereign, and planted by Providence, made her Place of Residence the afore-said *Province of Roses*, where she, (as her mighty Ancestors, all spreading Oaks of exalted Renown had before done) condescending willingly to suffer a Limited Regality, assisted by a grand Council or Sanhedrim, containing Three or Four Hundred of the Noblest and most Judicious Trees, began a happy Reign, with great Glory, Plenty and Security.

This Gracious Oak, the good Genius, as well as Glory of the Province, was by the particular Influence of Heaven, endow'd with all the Excellent Graces proper for Sovereignty, Pious, Bountiful, Indulgent, and tho' the Greatness of Her Power, had Scope and Extension enough, to make it self terrible, yet would her benign Humility, and Compassionate Temper

and her *Three Provinces.*

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per often shade from Storms, and succour from other Elementary Accidents, a number of desertless Animals, who fled to their *Assylum* under her spreading Branches, tho' they, by causing Mutinies there, and raising Divisions amongst a sort of ill-grain'd Trees, of which the Province was but too full, ungratefully like the Country *Peasants Snake*, as soon as warm'd, made return by unnatural hissing, and a vile endeavour to affront their Royal Benefactor, and disturb the Tranquillity of her Government.

Now therefore to allude a little to our former *Discourse*, amongst the various Trees and Plants, that vitiated or rather infected with their malignant Influence, several Groves and woody Spaces of this Province, there were a great many possess'd with the Enthusiasms of the *Three Brothers*, *Peter*, *Martin*, and *Jack* before mentioned: And to that height grew their delirious Whymfies, that by the frequent Inveteracy of their Jarring Opinions, and the Animosities perpetually spreading amongst 'em, Commerce the chief Artery in the Body Politick was set a bleeding, its Health and Constitution

Pope
Luther rather Calvin
Jacobites.

The Fable of the Oak

on very much impair'd, and the Majestick Oak, tho' *Semper Eadem*, and still unwearied in her Clemency and Indulgence, extreamly dissatisfy'd and perplex'd.

She had not long had Accession to the Royal Dignity, tho' with undoubted Right, as well as general Lik- ing and Consent She obtain'd it, but there were very many still who bore contradictory Sentiments, and who, in Favour of Prince *Sbrub*, of whom I shall hereafter make mention, endeavoured to blacken her Title, and insinuate her Authority to be unnatural and unjust:

Yet, in Reality, never did any Arborick Monarch extend her Branches to receive the Coronation-Dew with greater Right or Justice; which to prove, I will gradually explain and delineate the most remarkable Passages and Occurrences, happening some Years before her Inauguration.

The former Oak, her unfortunate Progenitor, had by his own unkingly Weakness, male Administration, and often Forfeiture of his Royal Vow and Promise, deservedly lost the Allegiance of the Generality of Trees; he had,

Pretender

K. James

had, by associating with Foreign Vermin, Enemies to their Religion and Constitution, tainted himself with a nauseous Malady, call'd by modern Empiricks, *la Verole Romane*; and was so thoroughly Corrupted and Infatuated with it, that he still rather strove to indulge the Evil, than take the proper Remedies for Cure; nay, so violent was this Pestilential Calenture, that he daily strove to diffuse it all over the Province, which, disliking such unreasonable Innovations, had soon after Recourse to Foreign Assistance, and, with a Grove of comforted Trees, joining their general Murmurs into one fatal Blast, quite routed him up, and with unanimous Consent voted both him and his then suppos'd new Off-spring, not only Abdicators, but to be incapable of Reigning for ever after.

the "parkland"?

In this dreadful Exigence, tho' he might with Reason have reflected on his head-strong Humour, and by an opportune Conversion have made Interest to be re-instated in his late Possessions, yet, still hardned with bigotted Stubbornness, he was so far from believing himself in the wrong, that with

with unalter'd Resolution, possess'd
 also with Hopes of severe Revenge,
 and breathing out nothing but Impre-
 cations upon the Injustice, or, as he
 call'd it, the Rebellion of his Subject-
 Trees, (tho' his own Oppression and
 Breach of Honour and Word was the
 real Cause of his Irradication) he
 got himself convey'd, together with
 his Queen, a malignant Plant sprung
 from a corrupted *Italian* Stock, and
 tainted to the very Pith with the late
 recited venomous Malady; and also
 with Prince *Shrub* his pretended Off-
 spring beforementioned, into the
 Land of *Fays* and *Jackdaws*, where
 the Natives being generally infected
 like himself with great Shew of Com-
 passion and Courtesy, straight replan-
 ted him, and where presently after
 he was by King *Goshawk* the Tyrant
 reigning, indulg'd to sprout out in
 this new Soil, and also encourag'd to
 pursue an implacable Resentment a-
 gainst the Revolted Grove and their
 then Sovereign, an Oak they had new-
 ly transplanted and brought over from
 the *Continent of Plashy*, as nearest Re-
 lation in the right Line, to assist 'em
 with his Medicinal Virtue, and dissi-
 pate

*King James's Quack
 1. 1. 1. to 4. D. of Modena*

printed:

France

K. W. m

Holland

pate the late Infection, which the former ill-fated as well as contagious Monarch, had diffus'd into a great Number of ill constitution'd Trees and Plants, too ready and willing to imbibe such Corruption.

This giving Occasion to new Turmoils abroad, a terrible War broke out soon after; for King *Goshawk*, whose Ambition was ever unbounded, and whose Tyrannick Temper would never let him submit to Moderation in Government, glad of any Cause, right or wrong, that would give him Occasion to infest his Neighbours, soon made the new re-instating the *Abdicated Oak* in his Royalties his specious Pretence for Violence; he therefore assists him with a strong Power drawn from amongst the most voracious and hardy of all his feather'd Subjects, and once more advises him to displant and remove into one of his former Provinces, called the *Province of Potatoes*, where grew a great many tall Trees, whose malignant Nature, (tho' averse to Spiders) yet were known to be tainted with his natural Venom, and therefore insinuated to be his most dutiful Subjects, and such as would be most

The Fr. King

Ireland

D

ready

to join in performing the happy work
of his immediate Restauration.

But adverse Fortune, who had re-
solv'd not to make Choice of him for
a Favourite, lent no helping Hand to
his Assistance; for the newly enter-
tain'd Prince his Competitor, being
qualify'd with an undaunted Disposi-
tion, and inur'd from Infancy to Storms
and Inclemencies of Weather, possess'd
with Resolution too of Stemming all
Tides of Danger, that threatned to op-
pose the Relief he intended to bring
the *Province of Roses*, after he had
ventur'd Overwhelming, by a rapid
River that divided a Tract of Land be-
tween him and his Rival in Empire;
he at last presses him to a Battel, from
whence returning Victor, his unfor-
tunate Antagonist was forc'd once more
to displant, and with his Roots and
Branches shrewdly damag'd and im-
pair'd, come back, for new Protection,
to a small Covert in the Aviary of
King *Coshawk*, where not long after
he finish'd his Days, little regarded
by that haughty Nation, to which he
had been a Trouble so long, and less
by his own Native Subjects, amongst
whom, by bigotted Obstinacy, from
those

Boyn

those Times to these present, he had been the fatal Occasion of so many Distractions and Miseries.

His Decease however gave new Life to the Title of the late Conqueror; several of the most stubborn Trees in the *Province of Roses*, their late Sovereign being wither'd and gone, Swearing dutiful Allegiance to him, and submitting peaceably to his Government. Nor did he only by his Merit and Bravery gain his Point of them, but even King *Goshawk* himself also soon after own'd him Rightful, and gave him the Regal Title, as the rest of the Neighbouring Princes did, who sent their Ambassadors.

This Condescension, had it been real, had substantially fix'd his Throne and Authority; but to add to his Trouble and Vexation, it was soon found out to be otherwise, being only a piece of Policy, at that Juncture to procure a Peace, by which he might facilitate an advantageous Design he had on Foot: For 'twas presently obvious this soaring *Goshawk* had another Game to play, which he could not securely win, without ceasing some time all Hostility with the Obstinate

The Fable of the Oak

and vindictive Province of *Roses*.

The k. of Spain.

The Emperor.

D. of Anjou.

There was an ancient Alliance between him and one of his Neighbours, who was King of the Luscious Region of *Grapes*, who had long time been afflicted with Sickness, and whose Recovery was now despair'd of: This Kingdom, tho' his Title to it was very crazy and dubious, the Imperial *Ganza* having a far Juster, yet the spacious Clusters of the extended Vines with which it was stor'd, besides some Golden Continents belonging to it of inestimable Value, and of prodigious Use to a Prince, whose Soul own'd no other Deity but Ambition, made him set his Wits to Work, to cajole and ingage the Chief of the *Grandeas* to own Young *Lanneret*, one of his Off-spring, to be the Rightful Sovereign; which (the Sick Monarch soon after Dying) was to his Wish perform'd; and the well-pleas'd *Goshawk*, tho' the Crown was set on the Head of the Tool his Grandson, with haughty Security both manag'd and receiv'd the Profits of that spacious Kingdom.

And now, the Fish being caught, the Net was easily discovered; the late

late Peace, which was only an Umbrage for Tyrannick Mischief, suddenly broke, and a new War, more terrible than ever, immediately succeeded; in which, tho' the new Monarch, the Restorer of the Liberty and Religion of the Province of *Roses*, with indefatigable Diligence and Bravery endeavour'd to oppose, and bring within Bounds the cruel and aspiring *Gosbawk*, yet were his brightest Stars generally malevolent and unpropitious, his Arms yearly unsuccessful, and his Designs, during the Remainder of his Days, always unluckily frustrated, and they also soon after brought to a Period; For oppress'd by a debile Constitution, unable to oppose the impetuous Storms of Destiny, full of Lasting Renown, and illustrated with General Applause, he fell to Earth, leaving the Regal Diadem to the next rightful Successor, The Royal Female *Oak*, to whom now returning, and resuming the Thread of my former Story, I may boldly affirm, That none ever proceeded in Sovereignty with more general Liking, or with more happy Success in Affairs. King *Gosbawk*, overgrown with Pride and flush'd with the Successes of several

2. Anne.

ral Years, in the Beginning of her Reign
 met with a considerable Loss, by the
 Bravery and Conduct of the Noble
 Duke *Cypress*, who, tho' a courageous
 Attempt of his upon a strong Fortifica-
 on prov'd unsuccessful, yet did For-
 tune make ample Satisfaction, by gi-
 ving him Opportunity to surprize the
 rich Galleons at *Ogiva*, and to bring
 Home the Bullion to his Royal Sove-
 reign, for his Country's Use, that
 else had been spent in the said *Go-*
shawk's Service, who quickly after by
 two great Overthrows was again ex-
 tremely disappointed and weakened, es-
 pecially the last, where, tho' a vast
 Power was committed to *Mareschal*
Kite, one of his Relations and princi-
 pal Favourites, who had been former-
 ly exerting his subtle Politicks in the
 Nature of a Spy, tho' under the No-
 tion of Ambassadour in the *Province of*
Roses, yet by the Bravery and admi-
 rable Conduct of the Duke *Birchgrove*
 his ostentatious Vanity was dismoun-
 red, himself surpriz'd, his plummy
 Squadrons rotally destroy'd or put to
 Flight, besides Twelve Thousand of
 the Rabble of Birds taken in a Cluster,
 which ever to be Eterniz'd Victory
 the

*Vigo**Gallard**Marlborough*

and her three Provinces.

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the World could never parallel but once, when that Great *Carthaginian* General fought at *Canna*; which yet was far less Glorious than this, they being poorly unskilful in Arms, and starving; these healthy, annually train'd and pamper'd.

Now therefore, resolving to lower the tow'ring Ambition of *K. Goshawk*, *Oak Royal* confederated with the *Imperial Ganza*, and other Brave and Potent Allies, jointly agree to Establish *Prince Widgeon*, nearest Relation to *Ganza Imperiale* aforesaid, in the *Region of Grapes*, to which his Right was apparent; and to that End largely aid him with Arms and Money, to confront *Lannaret* the present Possessor, who, 'twas believ'd, had no great Interest in the Natives, over whom he had usurpt Dominion. His Politick Grandfather's Instructions at their parting are extreamly worth our Regard; a brief Relation of which Harangue therefore notably follows in this manner:

Emperour

Charles

Spain

D: of Arjon

Fr. K.
to
Philip

*A Famous Discourse or Harangue,
between Goshawk, King of
Jays and Jackdaws, and Lan-
naret, Usurper of the Luscius
Kingdom of Grapes.*

YOU are to know (my Young
Signior) in the first place, That
I am just flown from the Nest, or to
speak more Courtly, the Apartment
of *ma chere Mademoiselle Peahen*; I
have left her there brooding, not up-
on Eggs, but Politicks, with which
she is generally pregnant, as having a
much better Faculty of producing an
Off-spring that way, than ever she
was for laying in another kind. And
now, Sirrah, to influence you with a
Touch of Knowledge in State-mat-
ters, (for I would not have the tatling
World affirm with Reason, That the
Kings of the *Luscius Region of Grapes*
are all Fools) you shall likewise know,
that 'twas she, numerically she, con-
sorted with Old *Corvo* the Cardinal,
that

maintien

Spain

porlocantio

and her three Provinces.

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that first contriv'd the Plot of putting
the Crown upon your Noddle; and
that the Instructions and Commands
I have now Closetted you to receive,
are likewise hers, without whose Su-
pervision through her Magical Spe-
ctacles, I have not pass'd so much as
one Order these Thirty Years, tho'
twere only the Watch-word by
Night to an Officer of the Guard, or
a Direction to the Count, my Barber-
Surgeon, for a Sattin Patch to apply
to the tender Scar, occasion'd some
Years ago by my *Fistula in Ano*; so
that be assured this, That I am now
going to harangue you with, comes
as piping hot from her, as a Puff from
a roasting Apple, therefore be sure
you are attentive; I know the Fami-
ly of the *Lannerets* are particular, and
their Wits naturally like Bottl'd Beer,
pert but small; your Father was so
bespre you; your Brother *Hump* a
very Chip of the same Block; and
then the third Spar-Hawk will sit
picking and pruning a whole Day,
without so much as looking into his
Understanding to know what he is a-
bout; therefore, as you are thought
to be most notable, lift up your Beak,
that

Dauphin

D. of Burgundy

D. of Berry

The Fable of the Oak

that the few Brains that lye near it, may direct your Tongue to let me know, whether you have heard and observ'd this Prologue I have made, before I proceed farther.

The Young Lanneret, that as his Grandfire had hinted, was in Reality suppos'd to be the most docible of all the Brood, a little nettled to hear the Old Pidgeon-eater begin with him in this manner, and knowing well enough too, that pursuant to his voracious Humour, the Grape-Clusters that dangled about the Kingdom he had lately got for him, were *de die in diem*, most of 'em reserv'd for his own squeezing, could not forbear mimicking a little the Monarch he should act *de facto*; and therefore, cocking up his Head, smoothing his Feathers, and gogling with his Eyes, just as if he was making ready to take a Partridge upon the Stretch, *par bleu dit il Monsieur*, If the consequent Comedy you intend be like your Prologue, begging your Imperial Majesty's Pardon for my Freedom (I love to give you however the Title you like). I lay, once more begging your Pardon,

In question whether my clod-pated Tutor has taught me Manners enough to give you Thanks: You are, *Monsieur*, perpetually buzzing into my Ears the Politick Doctrines that *Mademoiselle*, your Peahen, has learn'd you, and not only into mine, but my Father's too, (a Fox confound her) you have half craz'd him about her; for he is seiz'd with such an extravagant *Hippo*, that (only the Doctors now find it allay'd with a Mixture of natural Dullness) 'twas fear'd, if you should chance to drop, it might unravel all your Forty Years Weft; for, *Monsieur*, (begging Pardon again for speaking boldly, and a little like a King, now you have made me one) you are not believ'd to be altogether Immortal, tho' the Opera's chant you so, your Statues exalt their Assurances of *Rege Immortali*; and your darling Reliever, the aforesaid *Fistula*, by giving you such perpetual Health, has enabled you to dole a Plague so long all over *Europe*. Yet for all this the Priests say in a Corner, nay, your Cousin the Archbishop, over a Bottle of open hearted *Burgandy*, does affirm *in verbo Pontificis*,

ficis, That you are not Immortal, that you have not a Lease from you know who, nor that my Father, tho' he is indeed vex'd at the Pluck for these long unreasonable Delays, yet has no Reason to despair of a Change. You have done this late Business for me, 'tis true, at least I shall know by my Gains coming in, whether it be for me or no. But my Father's Spleen, I assure you, is not cur'd about his Sovereignty *in posse*; for the sawcy World will have it, that you are married to your Peahen, and that, *bonâ fide*, you will prove in Kind, a right Peacock, whose Nature is to expose and destroy his Young, to comply with some ambitious, unnatural and selfish Humours, without any Regard to Reason or Consanguinity.

'Tis true, *Monseur*, I am, as you say indeed, little skill'd in Politicks; and no Wonder at all; for truly, if your *Imperial Majesty* will give me Leave to speak, I have always been trained to believe, that 'twas still your Pleasure that my self in the first place, and then my Father and my Brother, should all be so, that you and your Pea-

The old Dauphine

main t'n on

and

Peahen might pursue your Designs
with more Security: But tho' I am
no Politician, I have Sense enough a-
nother way to find she has bubbled
you, that are; I hope she will put
out a Poem of it shortly, and call
it *Scarronides*, in Memory of her first
Husband; for 'twas the Poetical Wit
infus'd by him, that has now hung a
Bell upon the Velvet Cap of your
Crown, so that being over-reach'd,
proceed which way you can, you'll be
Author of a double Wrong; for if
you club Politicks and Poetry with
her as a Mistress, then being acknow-
ledged so long for a Muse, and con-
sequently suppos'd chaste, you do her
Credit irreparable Injury; and if you
Alcove with her as a Wife (as the
prying World will have it) you wear
the Poet *Scarron's* old Boots, and by
making her our Grandmother in Law,
you have all along taught us Pride e-
nough to know that such an Alliance
is a damnable Affront to us.

Now then, *avec le Permission de vot*
Majestie Imperiale— But here the
Goshawk, at the unexpected Freedom
the rash Younger had taken, being
through-

The Fable of the Oak

throughly enrag'd, was lifting up his
 Pounce to have given him a terrible
 Scratch o'er the Noddle, but in the
 Instant considering what an Offence
 it would be to the Punctilio of De-
 cency, to affront in that manner a
 Monarch that he had a little before
 given the Right-Hand to, and had
 own'd to be superiour to himself, he
 stopp'd from that Rashness, resolving
 not to mind the Frothing of a heady
 Liquor that he himself had put upon
 the Ferment, but to pass over tame-
 ly the late Boyish Insult, and act in a
 Scene by way of Return, more like a
 Fox than a Lyon, well remembering,
 that had been his principal and most
 effectual Method for many a Year,
 and had not fail'd to procure him de-
 firable Success; he therefore subly,
 but yet with an austere and threat-
 ning Air, thus reply'd:

It is not you, young unthinking
 Creature, pertinent to my Sagacity,
 to reflect too nicely on what has been
 said; 'tis not unnatural to find the
 Sentiments of irregular Youth to
 want due Weight, nor consequently
 strange, that their Expressions should
 be

be rash and misguided; therefore, re-
lishing with Contempt, as I ought,
the Account of yours, and your Le-
thargick Father's Notions of my Pea-
hen, whose Consultations with me,
as you have truly hinted, have been
and ever will be *Arcana* to all
Brains soar'ring no higher than the
Sphere of your Understanding, I
come to the Closetting Point of my
Instructions, withall positively declar-
ing in one Word (waving now with
Derision becoming me, the pert Sau-
ciness of your late Speech) that if you
fail in the least to perform 'em, first,
as an angry Parent, making you a
Stranger to my Blessing, I will cause
my Cousin the Archbishop to Ex-
communicate you the Church, and
also curse you with Bell, Book and
Candle; and then, as an enrag'd De-
puty from the Sovereign Deity, ta-
king the Thunder into my Claw, like
my Unkle *Eagle*, I will depose you
in a Minute, consume you with Fire,
or, to be more particular in my Ven-
geance, choak you with the Muska-
dine Juice of your own Clusters; then
truss'd and pinion'd like a Pullet with
Eggs, cause you to be brought hi-
ther,

ther, where on a Spit, made of the precious Metal growing in one of your Golden Continents, you shall be Roasted, Basted with the same molten like May Butter, and then serv'd up a Royal Ragou, you hairbrain'd Rascal, to my Northern Vultures, (a Detachment of the very Guards that are to usher you to your Government) to Dine upon.

The dreadful *Goshawk* had scarce finish'd these last Words, but the over-aw'd and trembling *Lannaret*, half dissolv'd with the frightful Sound of the late horrible Punishment for Disobedience, cowl'd down upon his Belly, his Head shrunk up to his Crow, and his Beak nouseling among his Feathers, was just preparing in a repentant manner humbly to beg Pardon, when the subtle Old Sire, finding by his sneaking Look and Posture, that he had clip'd his Comb sufficiently, and that no more of the Peahen's Policies nor his own Privileges would be again mentioned, casting a milder Eye towards him, thus proceeds;

I perceive, young Rover, I have now awak'd your Duty, and therefore turning the Humour to pursue my Intention, as my first Instruction, I recommend to your Memory, that tho' you are going to govern, and so naturally, by being Drunk in your Grape Kingdom, may be apt to forget your self, that you still carefully take Notice, that you are a *Prince of my Country*, a Native of this Place, and as such, besides your grateful Thanks for my getting you Possession, I expect such Annual Tribute, as my thrifty Conscience shall dictate me to think fit to demand; besides, as a Mark of serious Respect and devout Acknowledgment, when you are at Grand Ma's, involv'd in the Mystery of Transub, and Deifying the Transitory Wafer, I would have you presently after, drink my Health in a Bowl of *Frontiniac*, and by the Distinguishment of a brown Toast put in't, pay the same Divine Honours to me, taking it upon your Damnation that I am present, and that 'tis actually my self in Person.

E

You

*The Fable of the Oak**Porlocarraro*

You need not doubt but Old Red
 Cap *Corvo* will pledge you, with
 whom be sure to be so familiar, that he
 may grow faucy, 'twill make him be
 less careful of his Money, (which po-
 litickly you ought still to have an
 Eye upon) and discover the Baggs
 by your cunning Management, that
 assisting your Accession to the Crown,
 he thought he sav'd from the Gripes
 of another Competitor.

One grand Secret too, my Chicken,
 I must trust thee with— The Stub-
 born Nation thou art going to go-
 vern, does not in Sincerity love or
 care for ours; the blobberbeak'd
Widgeon has got the Start of us in
 their Liking, and, to say Truth, our
 Right is doubtful, tho' I lately tript
 up the Pretender's Heels by Subtilty
 and Skill in Play— Come, to prove
 thy Wit and Apprehension, and vary
 the Stile a little, I'll give thee the Pa-
 rallel Case, in a short Sentence in
 Verse in our own Tongue— A Jack-
 Daw and a Wood-pecker were Ri-
 vals, and both lov'd a Sterling, a rich
 Widow of another Province, tho'
 then Resident in the same Forrest
 where they were; and tho' they were
 also

~~Quintessence~~
Li Charles.

and her three Provinces.

51

reputed wealthy, yet she still slighted their Alliance, which the most subtle of the two observing, and designing to work the other to join with him, to obtain by Stratagem what Courtship vainly endeavoured, sends him these Lines.

*En vain Rivan assidus,
Vous me donnez de la peine ;
Tous vos soupirs pour Climene,
Ne sont que soupirs perdus.
Ce n'est pas que cette belle
Veuille recevoir ma foi,
C'est plutot que la cruelle
N'aimera ni vous, ni moi.*

The other Lover upon the Receipt of this, gives his Consent, and so both joyntly pursue their Contrivances, which obtain'd her at last, and enjoy'd the Benefit of her Dowry, is not hard to guess, you may be sure 'twas not the least witty ; but let us lay that by, the Application of the Story need be no farther open'd, than to let you know the Humour of your Subjects in Prospect, who, tho' like the Jilting Widow, heartily loves neither of us, yet being outwitted and over-

E 2

power'd,

power'd, may be brought under Convert-baron as much as if they did.

The *Lanneret*, tho' recover'd from his late panick Epilepsy, yet could not forbear being afresh confounded, to hear the *Goshawk's* Magisterial Resolves, as being by them made sensible what a strange diminutive sort of a Tool he was to be himself, but yet seeing the Pounce with whetted Claws, sharp as Needles, so near him, he durst not for his Ears, express one tittle of his Sentiments, whatever his Thoughts and Inclinations were; but calmly answer'd, That since he was sensible his Imperial Majesty, was the Darling and Eldest Son of Fortune, and that all the Kingdoms of *Europe*, were fated to submit and be Tributary to his Majesty, he must think it would be an Honour in the highest Degree to him, to be a Homager amongst the rest. Which last Wheedle so minutely pleas'd the *Goshawk*, that now being thoroughly brought into good Humour—— *Lanny*, says he, I always took thee for the most hopeful of all thy Father's Brood, and thou shalt find, I will do more for thee
than

than all the rest : Go therefore instantly to thy Kingdom; strip thy self from that dancing Jacket, and amongst those supercilious Sots put on a Robe of Gravity; love them as they deserve, but reverence me as I expect, still remembering that to be my Vassal is a greater Dignity than to be their Sovereign; this observ'd, look you, Bags shall be opened, Forces ordered, Policies timely contriv'd, and your Government firmly settled; and so, without more Words, we'll out to Breakfast, and to Morrow early, with Drums beating and Trumpets sounding, you, as a Wonder to the *European* World, shall set forward to your Kingdom.

And now, to take hold again of the Thread of my former History, we must observe *K. Widgeon*, with suitable Equipage and Arms, and also strong in Hopes of happy Success, Invading the aforesaid *Kingdom of Grapes*, in which *Lanneret* was by this time settled, particularly assisted by *Oak Royal*, who at the Head of a considerable Body of her soundest and best Trees, sent Lord *Maple*, a General whose Cou-

L. C.

Peterborough

rage and Resolution was by all unquestionable before his Expedition, and whose Conduct afterwards, even surpass'd the most forward Hopes of his intimate Wellwishers, as well as the censorious Commonalty. No sooner had he Landed his Troops, and dispos'd 'em for an Attempt worthy of himself and them, but Fortune, as if she swerv'd from her noted Inconstancy, meerly in Favour of him and his uncommon Enterprize, gave him a Glorious Victory at the famous Siege of *Anolecrab*, a City so guarded, and so difficult to be won, that the successful taking it, caus'd the Amazement as well as general Discourse of all *Europe*. Nor did the smiling Goddess leave him here, but bless'd him with propitious Influence in farther Pursuit of Glory; Kingdoms adjacent were likewise subdued, and Numbers of King *Lanneret's* Subjects, who, as I told you before, were but half strain'd in their Loyalty, came over, and himself at last, fearing a greater Revolt, by the Danger of their new Approaches, was forc'd to abandon *Dirdam* his Place of Residence and Pallace, and fly for better Security

*Barcelona**made*

Security to a remote Corner of this
harrass'd Kingdom.

But Fortune at last, who is seldom constant in her Favours, whether by finding King *Widgeon* tame, spiritless, and unfit to receive her, or whether the Proceedings of the beforementioned General, were of the same Nature as at first, as some at Court thought fit to make a Doubt of, and which I cannot determine, turns her beneficent Face from him on a suddain, and since he was so unactive as not to venture a Push for a Diadem of that Brightness, resolv'd no longer to favour the Enterprize, but let him change the glorious Diversion of obtaining such a Crown for the diminutive, mechanick, and grovelling Pastime of *Country Bullbaiting*.

Soon after the Vicissitude of her Favour, the ill-advis'd Prince severely found the fatal Effects in his general Affairs. The Insulting *Goshawk*, notwithstanding the Annual Succours sent from *Oak Royal*, his principal Protectress, so well aiding his Grandson and Deputy *Lanneret* with Power and Policy, that all their Labours to esta-

blish, him prov'd ineffectual and to little Purpose. The subtle *Gosbank* had some time before retain'd and given a Command to Duke *Querculus*, a flourishing Slip of the late Abdicated Monarch *Oak* heretofore mentioned, and indeed the only bravest and most worthy of Mention belonging to his whole Stock, and whose Renown in Arms had frequently been signaliz'd upon several notable Occasions. This gallant and fortunate Scyon, being sent to oppose King *Widgeon's* Forces, suddainly attacks by Surprise the brave Lord *Willow*, a skilful General, who was there planted to prevent him, and with a small Grove, amongst whom were some of the select Subjects of *Oak Royal*, at *Aznaml* were waiting for Supplies; but, in a word, they were surrounded by Duke *Querculus*, and charg'd with such Vigour, that in a few Hours they were intirely routed, and almost all hew'd down, rooted up, or seiz'd on as Captives. And now no sooner was this fatal Battle fought, but the whole Scheme of Successes consequently alter'd: The tardy *Widgeon* was presently sensible of his Remissness; but 'twas

D. Berwick

Galloway.

Almanza

'twas too late now to find a Remedy ; the incouraged *Lammeret*, with cocking Crest and spreading Plumes was flown back again to his Pallace, whilst the General, his former good Genius, who had begun the Work so Successfully, his Commissions superseded, was sent for Home, where in a Sanhedrim of his Fellow Peers, he as boldly, as securely, gave account of all Affairs relating to King *Widgeon* and himself ; the substance of which being silently quash'd, and not minded, appeared a very great Riddle to the generality of Natives, who were not let into the Secret : And now to vary the Scene a little to other Places.

The Provinces of *Potato's*, and that of *Tbistles*, tho' equally concern'd in Fealty, as both being oblig'd to pay Homage to *Oak Royal* ; yet in the midst of all these Turmoys lay supinely quiet a long Time, till grown Mouldy for want of Use, a vagrant Party of the last, starving upon the barrenness of their Soil, and extreamly ready and willing to change it for a better ; daily tormenting themselves with their own Prickles, resolv'd, since they could find nothing fitter for their Purpose,

to

*Pol. & Corrough
Parliam.*

HARRIS

to cavil at the Succession, and dispute the Title of the Dutcheſs Dowager of *Elders*, whose legal Right was before confirm'd by the aforeſaid Sanhedrim of Trees in the Province of *Roses*. How this was ſuppreſt ſhall hereafter be explain'd; but before I proceed further on this Subject, I think to Digreſs a little, as your Critical Friend has ſo often done, to make mention of a remarkable Diſcourſe, relating to the before-mentioned Battle of *Aznamla*, that happened ſome time ſince in the Province of *Potato's*, between *Shamrog*, vulgarly call'd a blade of three leav'd Graſs, an ancient Inhabitant in the baſe Court of a famous Caſtle there; and *Pluſhmantle*, an *Umbel Bee*, Native of *Aznamla* aforeſaid, in the Kingdom of *Grapes*. The venerable *Shamrog* was, one bright *May Day*, preparing to drink his Morning's Draught in a clear drop of Dew he had early receiv'd, and his old Benefactor *Titan* had newly warm'd for him; when on a ſuddain the ill-guided, bold and precipitate *Pluſhmantle* raſhly intrudes upon him; and ere the t'other had time to Oppoſe, thruſts forward his Proboscis, as being extreamly

treably thirsty, to share with him in his Christalline Beverage: *Shamrog* was somewhat surpriz'd, you may Imagine, yet would not speak in his Tip; till finding at last that he had enough, and had leisure now to take Breath, and look about him, and see whose Property he had made bold with, with an Assurance and Resentment proper for his Quality, and the occasion, he Harangues him in the following manner.

Graves.

A R R A, now the Deel take you, I swear by him that made you, Goodman *Robbly*, or *Taffy* *Wye*. What is your meaning to be so bold to rob me of my Morning's Draught, in the first place? What are you; for the more I look upon that fawly Face, and Figure of yours, the more you put my Understanding to the puzzle; by your Consideration, by my Share, you should be one of my own Nation; but take those Troubles of yours of a *The* *Uppur* *Colony*, may very well carry the truth of that saying: but this is further; but then that *Wardens* *Jack* of yours

*The second Harangue or Discourse,
between Shamrog, a Blade of
Three leav'd Grass, and In-
habitant of the Province of
Potato's, and Plushmantle, an
Umble Bee, Native of Az-
namla, in the Kingdom of
Grapes.*

A R R A, now the Deel take you,
I swear by him that made you,
Goodman *Bobtail*, or *Taffety Arse*,
What is your meaning to be sho bold
to rob me of my Morning's Draught?
In the first plash, What are you; for
the more I look upon that sawsby Fash
and Figure of yours, the more you put
my Understanding to the puzzle; by
your Confidensh, by my Shoul you
should be one of my own Nashon; be-
sides, those Trousches of yours of a
right *Usquebaugh* Colour, may very
well carry the truth of that Imagina-
shon a little further; but then that
curtail'd *Harlequin's* Jacket of yours
con-

confounds me again; for tho' I guess you to be some Traveller, and by those lusty Gulps you have taken uninvited, may suppose you to be fatigu'd with Drowth altho by your Journey; yet still as to the particulars of your Person I am gravell'd; as for my self, that you may not be ignorant of the Name and Quality of him that talks to ye — Know that I bear the Appellation and Title of *Major Shamrog*; I am Parent of a happy and numerous Family of that Name; I have sojourn'd here in the bash Court of this famous Castle, under the Protection and Suffrage of the Noble and Catholique Lord *Bulrush*, come next *Allballontide*, Six and Fifty Years, without fear of being damag'd by the sharpest Scythe in Summer, or the bleakest Frost in Winter; I have been bred a Soldier most of my Time, and have (assisted by my Family Allies and Friends) often wag'd successful War against a powerful Army of malignant Nettles, that insolently endeavoured to Invade my Patron's Right here. My great Grandfather was that memorable Person, that was first converted from Paganism to the Truth, by our Holy Patriarch

The Fable of the Oak

Patriarch, and made sensible of the Mystery of the Trinity, by shewing a *Shamrog*, or a Blade of *three leav'd Grass* growing from one Stalk; and from whence we had the Honour to take our Name. I was also of my Patron's Opinion too, a rigid Romanist in my younger Days, but being credibly inform'd that the Covetous Scoundrel, my Confessor, sold a Pardon to a Rascal, that had Murder'd his Father, for Three Pound of Snuff, and Two Pieces of *Drogbeda Freize*; I became a Convert, have now taken the Oaths to her Majesty *Oak Royal*, and as Chreesht shall shave me, am a very good Protestant indeed — And this being Discovery enough for once, on my side — I desire you to be as plain on yours, both in regard to the Declaration of who you are, as also from whence you come.

The attentive *Umble Bee*, that by this time had clear'd his Shanks of the Sweat and Dirt that clog'd 'em; and who, by having very well slakt his Thirst, was prepared with Refreshment to answer any Discourse, made hast to give his Host, who had so humanly permitted him to chouse him of his
Liquor,

Liquor, the Satisfaction he demand-
ed; and therefore pruning his Sarfnet
Wings, and brisking up to him, Ho-
nest Major, says he, in the first Place,
I give you Ten Thousand Thanks for
my good Draught, which (passing by
as Words of course, the blunt free-
dom of your first Expressions) came
very opportunely to relieve me, after
the heat of my long Journey; nor will
you think your Generosity ill-bestow'd,
when you shall know, that the Pro-
gress of it, and the Pains that I have
taken therein, are only to do you,
and your Nation Honour and Service;
without longer Demurrs, then be it
known to ye, that my Name is *Plush-*
mantle, I am a Native of the King-
dom of *Grapes*, and to tell you the
Truth, am privately of that Party who
abominate the Tyranny of King *Goff-*
brook, and would renounce, if they
durst, the usurpt Authority of his
Grand-Son *Lanneret*; I am just now
flown Post from that fatal Battle of
Aznamlá, where the Troops fighting
in Right of King *Widgeon*, have been
beaten most confoundedly: The Va-
liant Lord *Willow* having lost one of
his Branches in the Action, and his
main

main Body so shatter'd, that it narrowly escap'd being down-right fell'd. Nor has he only felt this Dammage, but a great number of the most sprightly Subjects, belonging to your Sovereign *Oak Royal*, have been dismally Consum'd, or taken Captive, Things I must needs think have been carried very odly; there has been Treachery us'd, Major, by somebody; I have been credibly inform'd there were Golden-Pippins enough order'd from the Government, to have brought proper Supplies — tho' none came. But who was guilty of that Barbarism, I'll not at present determine; 'tis hop'd for the future more Care will be taken, for my own part, I am, I confess, a Defserter, and encourag'd by some other Principal *Umble Bees*, who are of my Opinion, and hate both the Pidgeoneating *Goshawk*, and the young Sparrow-catching *Lanneret*, like the Devil, am come hither with double Danger of my Life, knowing you, Major, to be a Person of Worth and Probity, to apply these weighty Matters to your serious Consideration.

Arra

Arre by Creeht and St. Patrick, answer'd Shamrog, The Case, Dear Joy, is very desperate indeed, the good Lord Willow is a very gallant Person by my Shoul; and tho' he is no Native, he wears the honourable Title of the Country I now reside in, and has upon all Occasions signify'd his Respects to us, as well as his Duty to her Majesty Oak Royal. 'Tis true indeed, as you affirm, That he lately had unluckily one of his Branches lopt from him; and in this last Battle, Woe worth the Time, has, it seems, been very much damag'd, a Plague take the Cormorant cheating Knaves, ay by Chreesht, tho' they were of my own Nation, that by their grubbling made the Treasure fall short that should have been paid for Lifting more Forces to shuply him; there is nothing sho shure, as, that the Devil will make very good Snush of their Bones indeed; but, I prethee Joy, what are we the better for cursing them now, will that be able to set free our brave Party that are in Durance; or what doth thy Wisdom think I can do in a Business of this Nature, do but put me

Galloway

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in

The Fable of the Oak

in a Way, and, by *St. Patrick*, thou shalt find I shall not be backward in Execution? For wilt thou understand, Honey, whither they be of the Rashe of the *Potatoes* of this Province, or of my own Ancient Family, we are all much better at Acting than Contriving, our Hands are ready always, but our Heads are often out of the way: In short, we are better Warriors than Wits, and can much better assist at the finishing a Plot begun by other People than invent one our selves; therefore, dost hear, if thou wilt take the Matter upon thy self, and proposhe to me plainly in what I can be servishable, for I find thou hast no indifferent Opinion of my Parts, and, to shay Truth, hast flutter'd a plaguy Way to find me out, I will, Dear Joy, improve the Morning's Draught thou hast had already, by a Dram of such admirable *Usquebaugh* of my own making, that shall make thee forget the Length of thy Journey, and fly back again without the least Weariness or Trouble.

The

The *Umble Bee*, who, you must know, had been a little Devil of a Toper, was extreamly well pleas'd with the Major's Offer, and therefore, resolving to take him at his Word, told him, That 'twas a receiv'd Opinion, that his Brethren Natives were generally Lazy and Slow in putting themselves forward to assist *Oak Royal* in her Martial Affairs, and that 'twould cause him to be renown'd for ever, if, by some bold Speech to that Purpose, or by some other Interest, he could raise some Fifteen or Twenty Thousand *Shamrogs*, that were now lying basking in the Sun in the Fields, and had no Imployment but to indulge themselves to grow Tall, and so by a natural Unweildiness make themselves incapable of being good for any thing) to march to the Assistance of those were left; that such a Supply being sent into the *Kingdom of Grapes* would infallibly reinstate King *Widgeon* in the Dominion he had by his former Remisness lost, and also enable the Brave Lord *Willow* to revenge himself on his Enemies, that by their Numbers, not their Valour,

The Fable of the Oak

had before done him so much Mischief. To conclude our Harangue then, The witty and politick *Umble Bee's* Hint was taken, and he, in short time after, dispatch'd away with very comfortable Tidings, which that they came to pass, I can not at present assert, but must take hold again of the End of my former notable History, and thus proceed. The Scene now then must change back again into the *Province of Thistles*, the surly, factious and in-
 rose Part of whose Natives, and the Insurrections and Mischiefs they were ready for, we have before spoke of, and now therefore regularly go on with a further Account of the particular Transactions there.

Oak Royal, their Gracious and Indulgent Sovereign, tho' often perplex'd with their Grumbings and Discontents, and extreamly sensible of their stubborn and ostentimetreasonable Designs against her, yet to shew her Clemency unbounded, and her Christian Charity and Goodness beyond all Example, Resolv'd by an Effort extraordinary to fix their Loyalties

alties, and finish a glorious Undertaking, which all her Kingly Predecessors, tho' Great and Powerful, had aim'd at, but never could bring to Perfection.

There was, if you remember, at the Beginning of this Fable, some mention made of Prince *Skrub*, a Slip, as some believe, of the before nam'd Abdicated Monarch, tho' others negatively declare him spurious, and who, whatever his Right of Birth might be, being infected with the *Chimere Romaine*, was made incapable of all Claim by Descent, and consequently of Regallity, this ill-fated, pretended Prince, the aspiring *Goshawk* had now for Twenty Years nourish'd near his Mew, and hoping to pay himself well at last, had continually been urging the Malecontented *Thistles* to rebel, with Promise to send over their Lawful Sovereign, whenever they would put themselves in a Capacity to receive him. To arm her self therefore against this Politick Design, the Prudent *Oak* proposes A UNION between the *Province of Roses* and theirs, that by a Profitable as well as Honourable Concurrence, they might both

Prebender

The Fable of the Oak

amicably help and benefit one another. This, tho' the Design was Angelical, and, perhaps, an Act of Indulgence too happy (especially for the Ungrateful); yet did a great Part of the vexatious and inconsiderate *Thistles* disallow, rail against, and to their Power oppose, tho' by the Wise acknowledged to be in all Points, very much for their Honour and Advantage, ceasing not to murmur and mutiny amongst their frozen Rocks and barren Mountains. Nor wanted they the Insolence soon after, to cry up and applaud the aforesaid Prince *Shrub* the Pretender, nor to allow his Title, by Drinking his Health with a Scoundrel Humility even in the Midst of the Streets, and at the Publick Market-Crosses, countenanc'd, as some thought who afterwards found themselves mistaken, by Duke *Blackthorn*, a Noble Tree, who, tho' a Native of the Province of *Thistles*, yet had frequently flourish'd in that of *Roses*; and was nobly freed from that Impuration, tho' several others were known obnoxious, and with great Vehemence, disaffected to the *Royal Oak's* Govern-

Hamilton

Government, and the Article of the Succession.

But notwithstanding this, and all the Efforts the Monster-Multitude endeavour'd at, the Intended UNION went on with Success, and was maugre all Designs to oppose it, in short time after concluded with great Satisfaction to the judicious and well-meaning Party; the *Sanhedrim* or Grand Council being increas'd by the Number of Sixty—of the most flourishing and discerning *Thistles* of the whole Province; and in the main, their general Affairs so improv'd and mended, that both Nations ought with Justice to repeat dayly their most grateful Acknowledgments to their Industrious as well as Pious Sovereign, for designing, and then with great Trouble bringing to Effect so Great and Glorious a Work.

This Celebrated Enterprize, as it was fortunate and beneficial to the Province aforesaid, yet bore quite another Face in the Affairs of King *Goshawk*, and indeed was such a Thorn in his Side, that the twitching Pain of it urg'd him to hurry on his last and, as he believ'd, his most Effectual

The Fable of the Oak

Plot to make himself Universal Monarch, and bring the three Provinces of *Roses*, *Thistles* and *Potatoes* all under his Tyranny and Subjection.

The Project being ripe for Execution, he speedily sends with a Fleet and Power proper for the Purpose, under the Conduct of Monsieur *Le Buzzard*, the young, rash, and unthinking Pretender Prince *Skrub*, to Invade the Province of *Thistles*, possessing him with a Belief, and perhaps, not without some reasonable Assurances, that the grumbling Natives would gladly receive him, at least the Contrivance induc'd him to imagine he would be knock'd o'th Head, and so would ridd him of the disagreeable Charge he was Yearly at: But in Reality 'tis thought he held the Business to be as good as done; for he was so blinded with his new dazzling Policy, and inflated so with natural Vanity, that he sent positively (an Insolence worthy of the extreamest Derision) his Letters to all the Neighbouring Princes, assuring them of the secure Settlement of Prince *Skrub* in the Throne of *Oak Royal*, with the entire Submission and Consent of the Three flourishing Provinces,

*Islanded Royal
to Scotland*

vinces. But Providence, to exalt its Attribute of Justice, was pleas'd to turn quite another way the Stream of this Vain Glory ; for Monsieur *Buzzard*, who for self Opinion in Maritime Matters, went Hand in Hand with his Master's Vanity, after he had pawn'd his Tarpawlin Honour, and given his Port hard Promise, That in defiance of Winds and Waves, and all those that Rule 'em, he would be there and land his Forces by such an Hour ; to keep his Word, as if the Devil had play'd booty with him, and had preferred himself to be his Pilot, made such plaguy hast, that he outran his Mark, some five and twenty Leagues, before he look'd back ; and by that admirable piece of Sea-Ser-vice, (for which, since 'tis usual) he may well expect principal Advancement. And then by Heavens propitious Influence, which by another new and most signal Mark of blest Favour and Indulgence, (the Effects of which are of so Divine a Nature, that I have not Art enough to describe) made us thoroughly Fortunate ; by giving Opportunity to Sir *Box Bombard*, a suppos'd well qualified Admiral, employ-
cd

ed by *Oak Royal*, to get up with him:
 And now the *Buzzard* had no more
 to do, but to save himself, and the
 rest of his swift Sailors, by flight.
Prince Shrub, instead of being Planted
 in the *Province of Roses*, and swelling
 his Bulk in that fertile Soil, to
 the magnitude of an *Oak*, dwindling
 and decreasing to the diminutive size
 of a contemptible *Furze Bush*; the sap-
 less Scyons he brought with him be-
 ing all seiz'd on, and amongst them
 old *Ehony*, (who, in consideration of
 his Age, and his Fidelity to his Master)
 after being rooted up by the Law,
 was sav'd by the Compassionate Sovereign;
 and by her Clemency suffer'd
 to Re-plant, and nourish his decay'd
 Trunk with the small quantity of his
 Sap some time longer.

And now the Genius of the *Province of Roses*, by one propitious Smile,
 gave inexpressible Joy to all the Na-
 tives; the grand Designs of the Ty-
 rant before-mention'd, being wholly
 frustrated and brought to nothing;
 and consequently the Native Subjects
 of *Oak Royal*, who upon every little
 turn of Fortune, were guilty of de-
 sponding; and whether the Occasion
 were

were just or no, very ready to fly in the Face of the Government and Ministry; were again reduc'd. to a Settlement of good Humour; tho' here and there some of the most Busy and Prying, could not forbear censuring either the Candor or Conduct of Sir *Box Bombard*; the end of his Expedition not being Parallel with the Hopes he gave at first: Besides, to bring it a little closer to his own Knowledge and Resentment, One Hour, amongst the many that he lay supinely at Ease, waiting for the Return of the skulking and disappointed *Buzzard*, he chanc'd to overhear a notable Harangue between two blunt Politick and Positive Freeholders; the one being an *Artichoke*, a Native of the Province of *Roses*, but lately re-planted in that of *Thistles*; the other a *Thistle*, an Inhabitant of Note and Authority upon the Place; in whose Discourse, himself being a little touch'd at, he had somewhat the more reason to Observe the Passages. The Discourse that happen'd, since it is likely to be a considerable Ornament to the present Fable, was to this Effect.

The

The Third Harangue, or Discourse, between Squire Bullet-Head, an Artich oak, Native of the Province of Roses; and Blew-Cap, an Inhabitant belonging to that of Thistles.

'TIS now, I think, Neighbour Blew-Cap (began the Artich oak) about three Years and some odd Months, since his good Grace, Duke Hamthorn sow'd me in this Garden, bringing me by way of the Fritb, hard by, with his Retinue, at his return from the Province of Roses. And 'tis the same space of Time, I believe, since you have been an Inhabitant amongst your numerous long-shankt Brethren there, in that Field adjoining; it belongs, I hear, to the Laird of Lamerton, a virulent Shrubbiſt, as I'm inform'd; and if I am not mistaken, Neighbour, you, and the rest of your Associates there, are of the same Kidney: For I have observ'd, for some Years past, a great Joy amongst you, and

*Jacobites
or for ye
Protestants.*

and others of the Highland Clanns, when any of *King Goshawk's* Affairs, and especially those relating to *Prince Shrub*, have had any likelyhood of Success, you were all Cock-a-hoop upon the hopes of the late Invasion; but this Morning, as I was looking over your Hedge, to observe a little, your Behaviour, having truly (like a good-natur'd Person as I am) been often very much Concern'd at your male-contented and misguided Endeavours, I saw in every one's Phiz, a more than ordinary Cloud, which is a better Confirmation to me of our late good Success, in frustrating the Pretender's Design, than any other Proof I have met with; I have now therefore resolv'd, Neighbour, to Discourse ye in pursuance of my Observation; and will, if I can, turn your Eyes to look into your self, that you may see what reason you, and your stubborn Abettors have for your unnatural Grumbings: And whether the good Queen has not the Right on her side, if she should string up a Score or two of the sprouting Tallboys, that with the Incouragement of a Bag of Oatmeal only have been so ready

ready to take the Title of *Sbrubbists*; and March to maintain a Cause as wretched and as barren as the Highlands they came from; and not only this, but insolently, likewise dare to present a Musquet, and draw a Whinniard against her, and her rightful Authority; I confess you have an old Law by way of Excuse, which is, *That what is bred in the Bone can never out of the Flesh*; the Leaven of old Obstinacy is still so strong in ye, I mean in those of the Party, that 'tis not easily got out; besides you have heard so much of the Manchets of our Land of *Canaan*, that you cannot relish the Bannocks of Barly Meal, of your own *Egypt*, with a good gusto; some of the Principal amongst ye may boast themselves good Scholars indeed, but ye are generally the worst Philosophers in the World; and *Seneca*, when he treats of *Contentment* and Patient Suffering, is too crabbed an Author for you to read; Rebellion is as natural to ye as a Snush-Mill, and you indulge your Satisfaction pleasurablely with the one, as frequently as you grind your mundungus Tobacco with the other: You never cease

to

and her three Provinces.

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to boast of your ancient Monarchy,
and endeavour to make it out that you
have had a Succession of a Hundred
Kings in lineal descent; and if the
Truth were genuinely known, have
at one Time or other Mutinied against
every one of them. Some, when ye
found an opportunity of a good Bar-
gain, ye have Sold; and others, es-
pecially such as want your Assistance
in a time of War, you Neglect, and
under the Colour of your sham Dis-
contents oppose and rail against. The
Kirk is, forsooth, affronted, you get
the griping of the Guts at the sight of
a *Lawn Sleeve*. Then the Succession
is not to your Mind, and you are seiz'd
with an Ague and Fever, if you have
not a Prince to Govern ye of your own
Choice and Making. And lastly, to
draw near to the Affairs of our present
Times, the thought of my Noble Pa-
trons, the Great and Generous Duke
Blackthorn, and the Vigilant and Loy-
al Duke *Hawthorn* torments ye with a
Sciatica, and the very Name of the
Valiant and Worthy Duke of *Sweet*
Bryar, tho' the Star of the Western
Parts, and Glory to your Nation, gives
you the Plague.

And

Hamilton

Sweet berry

Argile

The Fable of the Oak

And now, Neighbour, I must take the Freedom plainly to tell ye, That 'tis from this set of Humours that the general Troubles of the united Kingdoms arise, and also must as freely demand your Reply to the Particulars I have already charg'd you with, as well as to what I have yet to say; turn your Crane-Neck therefore, a little this way, and without vailing your Bonnet, for I expect no Ceremony, in as few Words as you can, and as blunt and Northerly as you please, give me the Satisfaction I desire.

The impatient *Thistle* that had, perplex'd with some Frettings, let him run on so long uninterrupted, immediately after he had done speaking, took him at his Word; Wons, quo he, tho' ise weel enough ken the self Opinion, and positive Humour of aw yaur Islanders, yet I could no think it wad rise up to fike a height, as what ye have shewn me now; for by my Saul, Sir, tho' ye have presum'd to tax our Nathon with sea many fow Crimes, ye your selves will appear as guilty when ye are rightly Scand; and gud feth, as ready for any Mutiny

ny or publick Mischief as the worst of us; but let it go, I shall not be mealy Mouth'd in answering any of your Charges: Ye wad, I find, insinuate in the first Place, by your *Canaan Manchets*, and our Barly Bannocks, the fertility of your Soil, and the barrenness of ours; but by my Saul it was not always that ye could make that brag. The Primitive, Hardy and Hungry *Brittons* found nea like Occasion. And in a latter Age than they liv'd in, a muckle witted Poet, made bra the first leaf of his Ruke with *Omne bonum nobis ex Aquilone venit*; but your late over-much eating of Beef gives ye now the Reason to have sea bad a Memory; for I mun tell ye plainly, Neighbour, ye have forgot too, even your very Originals; for gin ye wad look back, Sir, you'd find that 'tis not above three Ages agoe, sin ye *Articboaks* were aw *Thistles* too; and tho' ye grow Chuffy, and are improv'd since, to the Shapes ye now appear in, Woons, as we do our *BlewCaps*, wad ye put on your Considering ones, ye wad ken 'tis the Culture and Fatness of the Soil, makes ye ha' the better of us in shew; and prefers ye to lick

G

up

mere Butter than we do, but gud feth
 nea whit of your ean Desert. As for
 the Antiquity of our Genealogy, sure
 ye can't be like Loons to deny that,
 for 'tis muckle easy to be prov'd that
 we were call'd *Scots*, before ye had
 any Name at aw ; and gin ye had ad-
 ded 50 mere to our 100 Kings, ye had
 not out numbred 'em a jot. Then as
 for their Ancestry, ye had one of 'em
 amongst ye lately, who was reard a
Thistle, and who afterwards being
 planted in your Province, became a
Royal Oak, raign'd Succesfully ; and
 once by having a notable boon of Smel-
 ling, discover'd like a Powder Plot,
 that wad ha blown him and Deel fa-
 me, half the Nation, at least into the
 World of the Moon, if nea further,
 but by my Saul, 'scap'd very wonder-
 fully ; and after that, liv'd to peruse
 (amongst the rest of the memorable
 Things that chanc'd to spread his Re-
 nown) an Author, that by his muckle
 skill in Heraldry, prov'd his Pedigree
 and lineal Descent from *Adam* ; and
 woons, Sir, did it with the greatest
 ease in the World ; and what say ye
 to this now, I hope ye won't Dispute
 with us then for Antiquity ; for gin
 ye

ye can prove four Generations successively, without being tagg'd by Ufurpers or Bastards, He give ye my Cap to make a Convenience of. Then agen, Ye pretend to give us a great Blow, when ye twit us with the Sale of one of your Oaks, that came to us for Shelter. Aw the Deel flee East and West with ye, and fill your Weams foo of small Steans, for ye are fau Loons gud feth; ye ken'd weel enough that we wanted the Acorns that paid for him, but we did no ken ye wad ha lopt off his Head, whilst ye pretended to protect the Crown upon't; besides, we sold him but once, and ye have Murder'd him Yearly ever since, at your confounded Calves-Head Feasts; where ye perform a Villainous Sanction, and pretend notable Diversion, by acting the greatest, horrible and most odious Barbarity, that ever scandaliz'd the Name of a Christian.

Mere, Sir, I mun likewise be so plain to sea to ye, gin we think our Kirk affronted, yea also think yours in danger; and if we get the Gripes at the sight of a Lawn Sleeve, your Stomach wambles, and ye grow Sick,

The Fable of the Oak

at the wagging of a picked Beard, or a Collar-Band. I mun confess our long-shankt Loonsate not sea ready nor willing to Fight for ye, as ye perhaps expect, but wot ye weel the Reason, woons, Sir, 'tis e'en because your clutch-fist-ed Carles, that dispose of the Money, are not ready nor willing to pay 'em weel, but throw away upon mowing and bowzing what ought to be disburs'd for Marching and Sailing. As to your Succession, ye have sea little Reason to Tax us with our dislike of it, that ye are confounded with the Thoughts of it your selves: And as one Party of ye are for bringing the Reverend Dame of *Elders* over to Nose and Juggle the *Oak*, now reigning, into her Grave, they are another sea muckle averse to Foreigners, and care sea mickle for her part in the Church Prayer, that even the Direction and Authority of the Sanhedrim has not Power to alter their home-bred Sentiments. And now lastly, Farmer, because I would not drill out my Answer longer that your Questions, as for your three Patron Dukes, *Blackthorn*, *Hawthorn* and *Sweet-bryer*, gin they are Valiant and Vigilant for

Sophia

for *Oak Royal* against *Prince Shrub*, the Pretender, as ye call him; Deel fa my Lugs, Sir, say wad any of us be too, gin we were made bonny with fike Green Ribbons, or were half sea well Rewarded, and sea muckle for this Time, Neighbour, noo ye may gae on as ye please, which faith I shall, and immedretly too, answered the *Artichook*; a little nettled; for tho' I told ye, ye were no Philosophers, it seems ye have another spice of Learning, for ye have topt a Fallacy here pretty Cunningly; but I resolve, Neighbour, to bring ye to a plain Method, therefore answer me in short, and to the Letter; Do you positively think *Prince Shrub* legitimate or no? — Why then, udsbred, reply'd the *Thistle*, since ye will ha it so, I do, or No: Fox on ye, for a Logical Block-head, return'd the t'other, am I to stand here to be banter'd, by your Quirks and Quiddits: Gud feth ye may e'en thank your sell then, return'd the *Thistle*, for asking fike a Question; but come on, Deel ha me, but Ise answer ye as a *North Britton* ought; and tell ye, 'tis in the Power of our Synod to make any Title gud when

G 3

they

they please. And again, *Prince Shrub* will take a Covenant to Model the Kirk, as we shall think fit to Advise him, and will give us the Treasure (as a Pawn for Toleration of our Religion) which old *Grilliar do* the Pope gave him at his coming away, for the Use of his own Province; Wouns, ye shall ken, Sir, we have both Conscience and Power to make him as Legitimate as we please: Look ye, Farmer, the thing is, we can new Model *Jure Divino* in a minutes Warning; and as for your Doctrine of Non-resistance, and Passive Obedience, when ye get that Bridle into our Mouths, ye shall also make Whistles of our Huckle-Bones, and lead the crop-ear'd Animals, that edify in our Steeple-Houses, and eat gud Beef, to graze with the long-ear'd ones in the Fields, that are only gud to give Milk for a Consumption.

'Tis not to be doubted, answered the *Artichook*, that the itch of Sedition lies dormant in your Natures, as the natural Scrubbado does in your Blood; since I find by your Discourse, as Sophistical as it is, you care very little if
you

you own your readines to receive *Prince Shrub* with a great many Welcomes; if he had lately Landed with Success, and could with any likelihood have proposed a Protection, the Devil had been at hey Jinks amongst the Highlanders. And when old *Ebony*, and some of the Sprigs that so long had grown to him were separated, and taken in the Ship that came into the *Firth*, to give ye a Signal, as 'tis not to be doubted he could be far off; so 'tis wonder'd at to this Day, whether your Honestys, that were upon the stretch, to have got him into the Castle, where the Money was, were not Instrumental afterwards in getting him away; or whither part of the yellow Blessings that old *Grilliardo* carress'd him with, at his Departure, by the effectual Faculty of another Deed of Gift, had not the Power to Corrupt somebody, and by that Means give occasion for Neglect in Maritime Affairs. There are some Riddles of this Nature that I believe the Sanhedrim may have Occasion to Solve. Gud seth, if there be occasion for sike a Business, reply'd the *Thistle*, let me sea to ye, ye will hardly find a Sphinx

to do it in year own Country ; Wons,
 Sir, ye are not good at finding out
 Riddles, gin ye were, the proud *Gos-
 barwe* had ne're got sea many of your
 lofty Trees to improve his Forrest, nor
 could he have proved a better Title
 to the Treasure in the Western Con-
 tinent then ye. Their Gallcons too
 (Farmer) by falling into your Clut-
 ches noo and then, would as weel
 have added to the Perfumes of your
 Provincial Roses, as guild the Plumes,
 and make gaudy his Native *Jays* and
Jackdaws, were there not some *Æ-
 nigma's*, whose Meaning your Loons
 in Office are either too Lazy, or too
 much Interested in the Profit coming
 in to bring in Question; thou art a
 strange, morose, blunt Fellow, re-
 turn'd the *Artich oak*, and if thy real
 Integrity, and innate Honesty were
 prov'd to be equal to thy blunt Rea-
 soning, one might think there could
 no great Hurt arise from thy Conver-
 sation: But, the Deel fa ye, quoth
 the *Thistle*, I hate year Buts, shew
 year muckle Integrity year sells first,
 and Ise warrant ye weez aw grow gud
 by year Example: And de hear, Far-
 mer, ye are a very bonny Accomptant,
 I sup-

I suppose, then, Sir, I make it my Request to you, that ye wad Sum up the Yearly Advantage, in gross, that will befall us by this Union ye so muckle Extol; for gud feth we here, as weel as the starving Loons, yonder in the Highlands, have sike a brown Mist before our Eyn, that the Rayes of the Blessing do not penetrate to us, as yet: The well pleas'd *Articboak* could not forbear smiling at this last Conceit, as finding him to be a plaguy shrewd Fellow; but promising that he would, and likewise undertake they all should be thoroughly Satisfied, they gave one another a farewell Nod, and so parted.

And now to proceed onward again with our famous History. The Admiral that had listned all this while, tho' well enough pleas'd with some part of the Harangue, yet could not relish what related to some Particulars, he had no opportunity of making a Reply; and therefore was forc'd to content himself with the Sentiments he had, of being able to answer all Questions that ever should be made him upon any occasion.

Some

*The Fable of the Oak**High Ch: faction**A.B. York**E. Nottingham**S. Jm: Harcourt**Harley.**Quodlibet*

Some very little Time after this, the Season grew proper for Action between the Army of King *Goshawk* and that of *Oak Royal* and the Allies; but before the Decision of the Difference could be brought to Effect, the high Eusebian Faction, that had often attack'd her before, were now perpetually pressing the Gracious *Oak*, with more Diligence than ever; they exalted their Heads in a more solemn Manner than usually, and convening some of their Principal Trees, which, as Fame gives out, were the Pontifical Father in God the Lord *Mistletoe*, the great Earl of *Elms*, the virulent Lord *Crabtree*, whose Sap arose Yearly in him of so acid and bitter a Quality, that it proved frequently very corroding to *Oak Royal*; but above all the rest, Sir *Aps Legis* and Sir *Poplar of the Hill* were most pressing; Nor were their Desires bounded upon a trivial Matter, for no less than the removal of the Earl of *Walnuts*, Principal Officer in Trust, about managing Foreign Affairs, was the Effect of their Resolve, and which they hop'd would suddainly be follow'd by a total change of the whole Ministry.

This

and her three Provinces:

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This Design, as they had unanimously form'd it, so they were resolv'd to effect it as cunningly. There were two Principal Persons they knew, that were Favourites to the Sovereign, and always clinging about her Person, which were the Illustrious Lady Fox, and the Judicious, and highly deserving Madam Eglantine. The first, in a long Series of Time, having attended her Royal Mistress, and having, as the Universallity was well inform'd, been Princely Rewarded, took occasion now, at certain opportune Seasons, to retire and supervize her own Affairs, which were great, and worth looking after; and in the Interim, leave the aforesaid Madam Eglantine, in all friendly Matters, to be Chief Waiter, and divert her Sovereign Lady with Novelties properly adapted, whilst she was embibing her refreshing Dew in a Morning, or taking her little Draught of *Aurora's* Influence, in the same manner as other Sublunary Monarchs do their Biskets and Chocolate.

Now this happy Person, you are to observe, was nearly related to Sir Poplar of the Hill; and being known to

Duchess Marlborough

Mad: Masham

The Fable of the Oak

to be one whose Understanding was Capacious enough, and whose Wit had long been taught a readiness to oblige the before-mentioned Eusebian Party, her Access to *Oak Royal* being at all Times very easy, she was thought therefore the fittest Person to push on the Matter, which she effected so adroitly, that the Indulgent *Oak*, who betwixt two such Impetuous Gusts, knew not well how to secure and fix her Roots, began to bend her Head and listen. The Noble Trees that fix'd themselves in the Interest of the Earl of *Walnuts*, against this new Project, were generally said to be these.

The Opulent Disposer of the *Golden Pippins*, the Earl of *Pomes d'Or*, the Learned and Judicious Lord *Sycamore*, her Majesty's Chancellour, together with the ingenious and sharp sighted Lord *Hazel*, whose Notable, and Praise-worthy Service in a late Reign, by changing the Kingdom's bad Coin, to bring in new and credible, and for other Great and Popular Actions had made himself particularly Remarkable; Consorted too with the Valiant and Renowned Duke of *Birch-Grove*, the most Successful Hero that ever blest

Godolphin

Chancellor. Smith

D. Mountague

malborough

and her three Provinces.

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blest the Province: The Witty and and
applauded Earl of *Holley*, and several o-
thers of Principle, Quality and Regard,
were all rooted in their Opinions, to
stand by, and Support the injured Earl,
or else fall with him; which the oppo-
site Party 'tis suppos'd, wish'd, others
of their own Chosing, being, as 'twas
said, appointed, to be placed in their
room.

But here, at this Crisis, Providence
being pleas'd to be Umpire, the De-
sign was suddenly unravel'd, and to-
tally frustrated. Sir *Aps Legis*, who
thought not fit to stay for the Sentence
of Dismission, laid down his Coronat
Advocacy; whilst the deep Thought-
ed Sir *Poplar of the Hill*, then in the
Quality of *Regina Secretorium*, and
whose Interest was so well settled,
that once at a certain pliant Hour, the
Suit made against him so disturbed the
benign Oak, that drops fell from her
Indulgent Leaves in great abundance,
was nevertheless displanted, and Sir
Poplar of the Valley, a Tree of good
Approbation and Merit, with Noted
Liking, put in his room.

Holley

Secretary

Things

The Fable of the Oak

Things being carried on in this manner, gave occasion for some at Court to push on their several Interests, the last Cabal of most deserving Trees, that now thought themselves happy in their late Success; to strengthen it the more, were for the immediate removing Madam *Eglantine* from the Person of the Oak; of which Opinion too, as the General Account and Story of the Matter flew about the Town, was the aforesaid Favourite Lady *Ivey*; But *Oak Royal*, who was always known to be of a Temper extremely Candid and Beneficent, and very unwilling to remove a Plant, she had once a good Opinion of, and Thought worthy of her Indulgence; As the other had fully and tenderly proved by a Case of her own in a former Reign, resolved not to adhere, at least at that Juncture of Time, to that Part of their Expectations; so that it became the Subject of a great many Disputes and Discourses up and down the Forest: And among the rest, as the Sovereign was one Morning sedately supervising some of the choicest Plants and Flowers that were blooming round her, she chanc'd to over-hear
 part

part of a pleasant Harangue or Dialogue; which tho' short, I think not unfit to crowd in with the rest of the Fable.

Her Majesty always retain'd, in waiting about her, four Persons, known and Dignified by the Title of Maids of Honour; whom she, pursuant to her Pious and Conjugal Temper, was very prone and willing to Enocate and graft on some of her most deserving Underwoods (Cadets among the chiefeft Noblesse) whenever she found the obdurate Inclinations, and strange Aversion to Marriage in the Virgins to be abated; their Names were *Emonie, Tubarose, Pink and Gillyflower*, two of which, viz. *Tubarose* and *Gillyflower*, as they were employ'd in Embroydering, and mingling Crimson Poppey Leaves with Azure Violets, a Symbol of the before-mentioned Union, in a Mantle for their great Mistress to wear on some notable Day of Solemnity, she observed to proceed in their Dialogue as follows.

The

The Fourth Discourse or Dialogue, between Miss Tubarose and Madam Gillyflower, two of the Maids of Honour belonging to her Majesty Oak Royal; one being of the Party of the Illustrious Lady Ivy, and t'other Interested in that of Madam Eglantine.

Mad. G. WELL, well, prithee Miss Tubarose, be quiet, we have talk'd long enough of this for once.

Miss T. Miss Tubarose — well, I'm glad, however, you think it proper to call me Miss, which considering your own Age, is more than I can do for you, indeed Madam; but pray let me tell you I am not of your Opinion that there is enough said, for considering the Subject, I have a great deal more to talk, and some solid Truths too, for all I am Miss Tubarose.

Mad. G.

Mad. G. Ha ha ha, goodly goodly, the Girl's Angry; why don't you know, you silly Creature, that 'tis the Mode now to be call'd Miss till ye are Married; 'tis the only way that Mothers have, whose Beauties are in decay, to be thought Young; my Lady *Jonkille*, in all Companies, call'd her Daughter Miss till she was turn'd of Thirty?

Miss T. O Lord, Madam, I swear then you ought to allow my Lady's way of all People, and desire to be call'd so too; for the World says (but you know that's given to Lying) that you have just such a Parcel of Years upon you now; young Collonel *Sapwell*, I believe, thought so, which made him leave ye lately to go a Volunteering.

Mad. G. Well said Spite, now she thinks she has pepper'd me. But, Miss *Tubarose*, you forget the Page, that whilst you were standing demurely in your Pot in the drawing Room, us'd to be so familiar to perfume his Handkerchief by throwing it over your Face; such a Gallant is a great distance from a Collonel however: No, *Miss*, he must first hop to be an Ensign; then

H

some

The Fable of the Oak

some time after step a little further, to a Lieutenant; and then, after he has lost a Leg or an Arm, which may happen, if he be good for any thing (and indeed that's a great Chance) he may jump at last to be a Captain — Ha ha ha, O Heaven! I wonder when I shall go and Visit the Captain's Lady.

Miss T. O Madam, your Ladyship is not high enough yet to be a Disposer of Titles — The Captain's Lady, I'd have you know, I am as proper to be a General's Lady as your self.

Mad. G. No, not by four Inches and a Quarter, good *Miss Tubarose*, you begin to cock up your Head indeed, and endeavour to give your self Airs, but you are noted for nothing yet, but standing in a Chimney, or in the Corner of a Room; for the Spark I just now told you of, the rest of the Pages, or some of the Dwarf-Trees, the young Officers to smell to a little.

Miss T. And good Madam *Gillyflower*, What are you Noted for I wonder, but to make a Syrup to compound in a Dose with Brandy, as a
Cordial

Cordial Restorative for some old Court Plumb-Trees, who have crack'd their Barks, and wanted the Excreffence of their Gums, Time out of Mind ; we are not ignorant of your Virtues too, Madam.

Mad. G. Oh your Colour comes, I see ; have I touch'd ye, Miss ? Well then, I am resolv'd to raise the Spleen a little higher, and therefore do positively affirm once more, That your Favourite Commoner, Madam *Eglantine*, is ungrateful.

Miss T. Pith, I don't value your Affirmation, this Feather, y'are betwattled, you don't know what you say.

Mad. G. Better than you do your Prayers, Child, when you read 'em in *French* a Sundays.

Miss T. I hope, Madam, I understand that Language as well as you do Plans for building great Castles ; you are a topping Architect, I believe, somebody will improve mightily by your Directions.

Mad. G. Not so much, I confess, as somebody does in Politicks, by Sir *Poplar's* ; can ye Translate a Foreign Letter yet, dear Miss, in a strange
H 2 Tongue,

The Fable of the Oak

Tongue, from the *Cham* of *Tartary*,
or *Prefter John*, hay?

Miss. T. Can you tell how to improve Golden Pippin's laid out in the Bank, dear Madam; are ye let into the secret of Mault Tickets yet, Parliament Funds, and so forth, hay?

Mad. G. I'm beginning to learn — Matters of Ingenuity will always be Incouraged at Court.

Miss. T. You'll be a thriving Scholar, I don't doubt, you have been extremely well tutour'd.

Mad. G. I tutour'd, ye little Whey-Fac'd Animal, how dare ye talk to me so.

Miss. T. Whey-Face! — no: You know what I put amongst the Milk to wash it, however; I mix only racy Canary.

Mad. G. Lord help ye, you may use what you please, the natural Complexion will appear: Now every body knows I use nothing but an innocent Water of my Dog's making, and sometimes a spoonful or two of my own, if the Creature be sick, and it is not Christalline.

Miss. T. T'other then is always Christalline, I warrant.

Mad. G.

Mad. G. Clear as the German Spaw, as I hope to be sav'd.

Miss T. Hope to be sav'd, hope to be Married you mean; but come to the first Affair; what is my Favourite ungrateful in?

Mad. G. In what?

Miss T. Ay, in what?

Mad. G. You want something to tell, do ye? No no, ye silly Mortal, I have been bred at Court, I am Wiser, you shan't have such an Advantage over me; besides, I know the hooks fast, and can Revenge.

Miss T. Hooks fast, I don'd understand ye — Now methinks you talk like an Angler, has she sharper Hooks than other People?

Madam G. Not sharper, perhaps, but she may have a new Bait; her Kinsman has been teaching her a good while; he's a rare Artist at State Angling.

Miss. T. Well well, as well as she loves Golden Pippins, she would part with some, I believe, rather than not be shewn a Bait for Angling as good as his; she's Close, but she's Wise too; the People, indeed, that pry into her Expences, have the Infor-

lence to affirm that she's extreamly —

Mad. G. What extreamly? —
come.

Miss T. What?

Mad. G. Ay what — What, Miss?

Miss T. Oh you want something to tell, do ye? — But I have been bred at Court a little while too, and shan't endeavour to climb up for Birds Nests, on Trees that are too high for me; besides, since I have got a good Place under *Oak Royal*, by some that were my Friends, my Tattle shan't make me lose it, being divulg'd by those that are my Enemies. Mum — I say not a word more, Miss, Pitchers have Ears — there's my Sisters, *Pink* and *Emony* in the next Covert, if they get our Argument by the end, the whole Forrest will ring of it by to Morrow Noon: But then, setting that aside, can we leave off without performing the method of an Argument; there should be a Secret discover'd on one side or t'other methinks?

Mad. G. Ay, 'tis true, their should so, but People in this Age don't know how to trust one another.

Miss T.

Miss T. Phaw, that's a common fulsom Imagination, a Practice that should be used no where but in the City; for shame let us prove our selves better bred than they.

Mad. G. Yes, and better skill'd in Cunning too, than to be ruin'd by being too talkative; indeed, Miss, you are too young a Wheedler, why don't you observe that the whole Town is involv'd in the same Subtilty; who the Devil dares venture to say, or write a Satyrical Truth now a-days, unless it be the Poets; nor any of them neither, but *incognito*, and without a Name; if they have not resolv'd to renounce all Preferment as long as they live; for Criminals, the greater they are, are the more stubborn; and if once feelingly lash'd, will never forgive; take that for a Rule, Miss: Besides, if I would trust a Secret worth knowing, it should be to a Friend, and you can't pretend to that I'm sure; do ye remember, Miss, how you have used me?

Miss T. Ah words, dear Madam, Words, words only; come, I'll be Friends with all my Heart; I won't say a word more of the Rich

Country Knight, that whilst you were in your Conservatory, us'd to mimick a pair of Bellows, and strive to blow up your Inclinations into a Ferment, I have done with him for ever; nor you shan't twit me with the young hopper-ars'd Squire, that us'd to be convey'd into my Apartment to flabber up Sack-Poffet, when her Majesty, and the Mother of the Maids were asleep: we'll have no more rubs on either side; and so here's my Secret for yours, I'll lay open my Favourite Commoner's Intrigues, I swear by this Raspberry Nipple.

Mad. G. Will ye I Vow? Well then I'll divulge a swinging Secret of my Favourite Peerefs, by this Cherry Colour'd Lip.

Miss T. So then; come do you open first.

Mad. G. No, do you open first.

Miss T. No, you are Eldest, and must go before me in all Things; I'll assure ye mine's worth hearing, and unravels so much of the mysterious Reasons for somebody's being kept in Favour still; that when you have the Secret, and consequently the whole Forest, by to Morrow Morning, you will

will have such a crowd of Visitants, to make Remarks and Stories at Breakfasts and Dinners, that you'll be almost choak'd for want of Air.

Mad. G. And I have such a confounded Politick Thing to Discover of somebody too, about the Contrivance of the under-hand Dealings, the cunning Plots, the disguis'd Fallacies, and the Devil and all us'd in that Affair, that when you have it, and consequently not only the Forest, but the three Provinces shares in it before Midnight, the mannerly, ingenious, and diligent Mob, that gape for something New and Pithy to cry about the Streets of her, to make you Famous, and the thing Publick, will be ready to pull down your Lodgings for hast.

Miss T. Well then, I'll begin first; hearke ye in your Ear.

Mad. G. Oh Lord, now I can't abide you should have the Honour of the Scandal First, heark in your Ear.

Miss T. No, by all that's good I'm resolv'd, and so pray listen; my Favourite Commoner is ———

Mad. G. My Favourite Peerefs has ———

Miss T.

Miss T. Hold your Tongue, for I vow you shan't—my somebody is the most Voracious, the most Unsatisfied, the most Luxurious.

Mad. G. What?

Miss T. Eater of Oatmeal-Cawdle in a Morning, that on my Soul, is breathing in the whole Universe.

Mad. G. And my somebody has the most Intollerable, the most Vexatious, Plaguing, Pinching.

Miss T. What, what?

Mad. G. Corn upon one of her Toes, that ever plagu'd a mortal Foot, I believe, since the Creation.

Miss T. What, Is this all your great Secret then?

Mad. G. Yes; is that all yours?

Miss T. I think so; the gaping Mob will have nothing to bawl about now, and the other Fools that are over curious to hear Court-Secrets, will lose their Labours, for there's nothing of Truth in't, from the beginning to the end.

Mad. G. And so let us go in, and fit our selves for our several Uses.

Miss T. Come then — *Exeunt Tubarose and Gillyflower,*

Her

Her Majesty, *Oak Royal*, you may imagine, was extreamly diverted with overhearing this notable Dialogue, especially the comical close of it, by which she found her two Virgin-Housewives not only too wary to venture Secrets to one another, if they had known any, but also so just to her, as not to give occasion to make her Actions the common Discourse of the Vulgar.

And now, to go on with the Affairs that succeeded the Discovery of the last Design; my Breast being inspir'd with a Secret and unusual Joy, I must positively make Declaration, that Providence, amongst all the wonderful Efforts of its Divine Indulgence, with which our Natives have lately, by several miraculous Accidents been blest; shed none ever more extraordinary than the last; the Policy, Care, and Vigilance of the Earl of *Pomes d'Or*; the Wisdom, Candour, and unwearied Dilligence of the Lord *Sycamore*, was signal on this Occasion, for tho' there were other Peers and Gentry, who all, with ready Zeal, made specious Pretences to serve their Sovereign and Country; and therefore

therefore, aptly were honoured with their several Employments; yet it is reasonably credited, that by the Address and Interest of *Sir Poplar of the Hill*, the Policy and pleading of *Sir Aps Legis*, and the hourly Management of some others, the Low-Party that were in Office had been dismiss'd, or of themselves had laid down, had not the brave and eternally renown'd Hero, the Duke of *Birch Grove*, as Fame then publicly spread it abroad, assist'd by some of the other noble Trees beforementioned, attended *Oak Royal*, in the very *Crisis* of time; and with a Noble, Unbias'd and Generous Assurance (the only Season that ever it oppos'd their complying Duty) after they had endeavour'd to set all things in a true Light, declar'd, That unless the principal Incendiary, as they call'd him, were remov'd, and made incapable of farther Management in Publick Business, they must instantly desert her Service, and deliver up all Patents, Seals and Commissions. The Gracious *Oak* was at this Juncture embarrass'd extreamly, the Merit of the Judicious *Sir Poplar* had large Influence upon her benign

benign Temper. But when the Behaviour, Valour, un-common Service, and Annual Successes of her Invincible General, that had not only retriev'd the ancient Glory of her disparag'd Provinces, but exalted her Throne on such an Eminence, that she might indisputably over-look all the Princes her Neighbours, when they with greatest Lustre came in competition; it had not the weight as before, his *Quietus* then was presently sign'd, and his immediate Dismission from the Affairs of State, as was specified before; resolved and put in Execution. This not only gave Ease to the Party that had so long murmur'd at his Proceedings, but by continuing the Illustrious Duke in his Martial Post, gave the three Provinces opportunity to enjoy a Blessing of so wonderful a Nature, that none of the rest in the Years past could parallel; nor no Age, happy by the kind Influence of the most Propitious Stars, give Example of the like.

The General, whose Superiour in Glory the Universe cannot in any Age produce, notwithstanding the Rumour of King *Goshawk's* prodigious

*The Fable of the Oak**Vandine*
*Er Wang**Bavaria**Burgundy*
*Del.**Eugene*

ous Power, with which (under the Command of the Haughty Duke of *Hernland*, honour'd also with the Presence of Prince *Faulcon*, a Hunch-back'd Bird of Prey, Brother to King *Lanneret*, and some other Princes of the Blood, that gave themselves vain Assurances of doing Wonders) now thought fit to take the Field; and accompanied with that Miracle of Bravery, Prince *Tyger*, of the *Alpine* Continent, who for his many gallant Enterprizes, renown'd and dangerous Battles, and admirable Successes, amongst all the celebrated Herds of the World, could only justly aspire to be second to him in Fame, to crown, at this Juncture, the rest of his noble Actions, voluntarily offered himself to head some Troops belonging to the Province of *Roses*, under his command.

The Army were numerous on both sides, the *Jays* and *Jack-daws* came chattering, and were gathered far and near to secure a Victory, which the Arrogant *Goshawk* had insolently given himself in Imagination some time before, and to that intent, to raise his Fantastical Grandeur to a greater

and her three Provinces.

III

greater height; had ordered his Grandson, Prince *Faulcon*, to be there; that in right of his Superior Quality; the Lawrel might opportunely descend, to circle his Brow; if Fortune, prodigal of her Favours, should deign to give the Property Duke of *Hernland* advantage in the Battle; the Duke nevertheless was so full of himself, that he did not, or would not observe it to be any Diminution of his own Credit, but was cautiously proceeding as he had done the Year before; and perhaps intended to weary out his Enemies without fighting, when there happen'd an odd Accident that soon after gave new Life to their Resolves. Two eminent Fortresses that had formerly been taken by the Duke of *Birch Grove*, being surpriz'd by Treachery, and taken almost in the very Face of his Army.

This Advantage, as any thing tho' never so little, us'd to do, new Plum'd the Wings of the strutting *Jays* and *Jack-daws*: They were now again Cock-sure of Success, the General look'd bluff and beheld his Enemies with an Air of Contempt; the Vainglorious *Faulcon*, accompanied with

Burgundy

Vandosm

Gault
Brugy

with the rest of the Princes of the Blood too, drank more *Champaign* that day the News was brought, than usually. And the whole Kingdom of the *Goshawk* was illuminated with a Beam of Joy, that seem'd to give a happy Omen of ensuing good Success.

But now, 'tis worth while to observe the Fantastick Game that Fortune was playing for, as if she meant to make a greater Jest than ordinary, of the greatest Affairs of Humane Life, as they were in Heart Elevated and Joyful, so were the Natives of the Province of *Roses*, deprav'd and dispirited. Now began their wretched, desponding, and pusillanimous Vice to reign again as basely amongst 'em as ever; for hearing of the two Fortresses that were newly taken by the Enemy, without weighing the matter justly, or considering the various Accidents of War, as in common Reason they ought; the Conduct was immediately censured, the whole Army branded with Cowardise, and the Heroick General, tho' sweating even drops of Blood with Vexation, for what could not be help'd, unnaturally injured with a Million of degenerate

rate Thoughts ; and also vilely brand-
ed with the most inveterate and worst
of Opprobrious Language.

But Eternal Decree, who had De-
nounc'd him to be greatly Happy and
Victorious, in Contradiction to their
Baseness and Injustice ; whilst they
were murmuring in their Cabals, their
inconsiderate and ungrateful Senti-
ments, near *Darnedo*, a Principal
Town in *Leontia*, gave Opportunity
to the Lucky Hero's Troops to make an
Attack, which soon after came to a
general Charge ; by which, after a
Bloody and Dangerous Dispute of fe-
veral Hours continuance, he once
more remained sole Master of the
Field, drove the ill-fated, presump-
tuous Duke of *Hernland*, their Gene-
ral, from his Post, slew vast Num-
bers, took a considerable part of the
Army Prisoners, and as a mortal Stab
to blind Ambition, sent the aspiring
Prince *Faulcon*, who expected by that
Conquest to have been stil'd, *The*
Great, and stood with the rest of his
Kindred, and Associates on a remote
Tower to view the Action frighted
(as was also the once more unlucky
Prince *Skrub*) Home to the disap-

pointed *Gosbank*, with the unwelcome Tidings of his deplorable Chance.

Yet did not this Success, tho' very considerable to her Majesty, *Oak Royal*, and the Allies, in any great measure, surprize the Pride and Hopes of the ambitious *Gosbank*; his Army was too numerous to be baffled by an ordinary Loss: And the aspiring *Faulcon*, imp'd by the Duke of *Hernland*, had too much Vanity to own any Advantage gain'd by the Enemy, which they could with any Possibility cover and make little. The two Fortresses, before-mentioned, were still in their Possession, to which they retir'd to rally their scatter'd Troops; and, in short time, made shift again to make a formidable Head, still causing, with their wonted Diligence, Reports to be spread, that the Success in Battle was equal on both sides, and that the declar'd conquering Enemy, had no more cause to boast of Victory than they.

But this Bravado lasted but a very small time, for the valliant Duke, *Birch Grove*, combining with the, before-mentioned, renown'd *P. Tyger*, being rais'd to a Degree of angry Resentment

sentment on Reflection of the unlook'd for Treachery, lately shewn 'em, resolv'd, without giving the Enemy any time, to oppose their Project to push on another formidable Effort, which was the Resolution with all possible speed to besiege *Insula*, the greatest and strongest Fortress upon the Frontiers of King *Goshawk's* Dominions: This was with utmost Celerity put in Execution, the fam'd Prince *Tyger*, before mentioned, commanding the Besiegers, and the Heroick General of the Province of *Roses*, standing aloof to cover the Enterprize, and now the haughty *Goshawk* surpriz'd and nettled by this bold Attempt, was sometime at a loss amongst his beaten Generals to pick out one that he imagin'd more lucky than the rest, and at last he resolves upon the venerable and experienc'd *Mareschal de Caccoo*, who with great Precipitation is thrown into the place, and who to do him Justice, as soldierly as skilfully, a considerable time, made a brave Defence against the Resolute and Valliant Attacks of Prince *Tyger*, and his undaunted Force.

L'Isle

~~William~~
Bonfless or
Villars

But here again, The Divine Assistance was extremely Beneficent, for by a Miraculous as well as Indulgent Decree of Providence, the good Fortune of King *Goshawk* was annihilated, and that of the Besiegers confirm'd: The glorious General of the Allies, having received Advice that a strong part of the Enemies Army were sent to intercept a vast quantity of Ammunition that were hasting to the Siege of *Insula*, and cut off the Convoys, to confront that Design, prompted by his propitious Genius, sent immediately the Gallant *Pine*, who tho' esteem'd and acknowledg'd, before, for several Acts of Bravery; yet here Celestial Ordination seem'd peculiarly concern'd to advance his Glory to a supreme Height, by encouraging him with his small Party, who were scarce One to Four of the Enemy, to make head against 'em, which he happily did; and managing his small Power with admirable Conduct, as well as Presence of Mind, charg'd with such unparallel'd Success, that in few Hours the Goddess of Victory was spreading the Wreath over his Head, whilst the flying Enemy, fixing

ing Wings to their Feet, in prodigious Throngs, with a fearful Hast, abandoning the Carriages of Ammunition that they came to take, gave for that time a shameful Security to their wretched Lives, and to the Gallant *Pine*, a superlative Renown; endless as Eternity itself.

This was the most terrible Blow that through the whole course of the War, befel, to mortifie the over-grown Pride of the Tyrannick *Goshawk*; for now, soon after the Supplies of Ammunition coming seasonably, the haras'd *Mareschal de Caccos*, not able to hold out any longer, was forc'd to Capitulate, and then Surrender that most important place that his ambitious Master had oft, vaingloriously, call'd Invincible, and as often had laugh'd at the successful Allies, and Prince *Tiger's* rash Attempt (as he call'd it) to take it.

Nor was this the End of that wonderful Campaign; the impatient Duke of *Birch Grove*, had not yet been revenged on the revolting Fortresses before mentioned, for the base Affront given him, and therefore, now with his whole Power, march'd against 'em; who, not able to defend themselves,

nor to excuse their Baseness, were quickly brought on their Knees to accept of the Mercy he was pleased to allow; and curse the ill-fated Boasters, that had by ignoble and false Pretences, some time before, encouraged them to that Treachery.

And now all things seem'd Fortunate on the side of the Allies; the fluttering Prince *Faulcon*, in an Ague of Discontent, flown away; and the shattered Duke of *Hernland*, with the dispairing Pretender, Prince *Shrub*, in the same forlorn Condition; the Conquering and Gracious *Oak Royal* could not wish to be more Happy, than to see her self, and the Princes and States she Protected, enabled, as was hop'd, to force the Domineering *Gashawk* to accept of what Terms, for composing Matters, she was pleased to propound. But Providence, to keep steady the floating Vessel of mortal Happiness, and demonstrate to Princes themselves, as well as the Vulgar, that no transitory Desert (no, not even Hers, tho' her Virtue and Piety were so eminently Remarkable) could force Celestial Blessing to such an extream Degree, to abate the glowing Joy that

now

and her three Provinces.

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now posses'd her, thought fit to terminate the Days, and remove from her Sacred Breast, where it had long with Pleasure flourish'd, the Princely Beech, Virtuous, Indulgent, Brave, and Generous, the dear Companion and Partner of all her Cares, whose loss gave an extraordinary alloy to her other Satisfactions, and which descending from her, Influence'd with unfeign'd Sorrow, all the Natives of the Province of *Roses* in general.

Pr. George

Scarcely had the Funeral Obsequies of this Princely Victim of Fate been perform'd, but the inveterate Animosities on both sides grew up again to so extream a height, that it was resolv'd by one Fatal Push more, to try which way the wavering Fan of Fate would turn. Besides too, this Publick Discontent, the changing Season of the Year gave an unwellcome Alteration to all on this Part of the Universe: The Winter Solstice, as if by a Commission from the Eternal, stricter than Ordinary, binding up the Rivers, Brooks, and purling Springs, that most delectably used to bless the Natives, with impenetrable Frost; as well as covered and buried the

the late verdant Hills and Mountains, and filled up the Hollows of the most spacious Valleys; with incessant fallings of perpetual Snow; of which Calamity, tho' the *Province of Roses* had uncommon share, yet was there bestowed on it a Glorious Beam of Comfort, when it found the Angry Bolt of avenging Providence was darted with much fiercer Rage on the Dominion of the Tyrannick *Goshawk*, who now finding himself pinch'd to the quick, by the Sacred Ordinance of the Celestial Ruler, was fain, in that Critical Juncture, to set another Politick Wheel a going, to delay his own, and his distress'd Nations Ruin: He therefore on a suddain proposes a General Peace; which being, as was thought fit, hearkened to by the Gracious *Oak Royal* and the Successful Allies; Proposals were made accordingly, and as advantageous for the *Province of Roses*, and the rest, as the State of Affairs required; which at first severe as they were, were by his Deputies, who as suppos'd, acted by his Consent, seemingly allow'd—but to shew a Proof of his Royal Justice and Integrity, whenever any fit Occasion

on offer'd it self: This was quickly found to be only another piece of King-craft; for having by accident receiv'd a new Supply of Money and Grain, for want of both which before, there was a most deplorable Complaint, at the very Crisis, when 'twas expected all War Affairs were concluding — He by positively denying to sign the Preliminaries, immediately concluded the Treaty — And by this Affront, insolently put, in particular, upon the the two Great Generals, the Duke of *Birch-grove*, and his Brave Brother Prince *Tyger*, who all may think were thoroughly seiz'd with generous Resentment, gave 'em occasion, in fiercer Manner than before to proceed on to Arms.

And now the Wits, and would be Wits, the Busie-Bodies, and the deliberate of the Male kind, as well as the History and Romance Thummers; the Pertinent and Tatlers of the Female, had all enough to entertain themselves with; the new Resolve of the whimsical *Goshawk* was a notable Theme to descant on, for every one of *Oak Royal's* Subjects; nor did the meanest of 'em, who had any Skill in
Satyrical

Satyrical Cookery, fail to make a Curious new sort of Ragou of the *Lanneret*, the *Faulkon*, the Princes of the Blood, the Marshals, and all the Generals of his Armies, and serve 'em up in a Dish to her Tables. Dialogues were daily amongst all Degrees of People, especially those concern'd in Parties; one of which, to conclude Merrily, I will once more insert, which happened between *Copple Lilly-Crown*, a fragrant *Leek*, Native of a famous Colony depending on *Oak Royal*, vulgarly called *Wales*; and Goodman *Sandy*, a well grown *West Country Carrot*, lately by a new Art in Husbandry transplanted near him, who accidentally being bound up with other Brethren in two Bunches, were trotting lovingly together in a Doffer, under a thrifty old Woman to Market.

The

*The fifth and last Harangue or
Discourse, between Copple
Lilly-Crown and Goodman
Sandy, relating to the Party
of High-Church and Low,
and the French King's refu-
sing to sign the then Articles of
Peace.*

B*Y Cadwallader and good St. Wi-
nfred (continued Lilly-Crown
(who had some time before been hot-
ly disputing with his Fellow-Sufferer,
Goodman Sandy, upon Politicks and
Parties, the High-Church and Low,
and a World of such Modern Matters,
whether the Strengths or Substantialls,
or look you, Cousin, as one may say,
the Soundness or Solidity of our Cause
of Argument about our Opinions
will bear it or no, her does very
much question; and whether, if
Cousin, we should joyntly desire leave
of our Old Woman here for some
Ten or Twelve Hours, to search the
Records*

Records or famous Pooks of Antiquity, if in any one of the Pages we should find a Parallel to either of us; I cannot doubt, indeed, but that you have read in the Days of your Poyish Juvenilities, of the ancient Roman Persecutions and Cruelties, look you, impos'd on the Elect, under *Nero*, *Domitian*; nay, by *St. Davy* the Moral *Dioclesian* too, for all his contempt of Dignity at last, and affirmative dislike of Emperourship, and executive Power amongst the rest of the Merciless Teevils, good Cousin *Sandy*, did not cease to sew up the Poor Creatures, the Christians, in the Pellies of the Bears, and then set Dogs upon 'em to tear 'em to Pieces. I say, I do not at all doubt finding you to be so good a Disputant; but you have read all this, fery Good, but here, if you please to mind me, is my Position now, by which look you; I will prove that we in this Juncture pursue our Sufferings, and possitiffly resolve on the same with greater Obstinacy, or if you will put a complimental Term to it, creter Generosity by half. 'Tis fery true, indeed, and there is no Doubt nor Ambiguities

biguities in the World to be made of it by St. Davy; that they that with some Pride and little Offentations call themselves the Primitive Sufferers, which very well becomes 'em too, through a resolute Stubbornness; or as one may say, a blind Zeal offer'd up their Carcasses to be Stew'd, and Minc'd, and Grilliade'd; but then, 'twas for a Cause that their Schollerly Apostles and Fathers had with a heavy Mallet of Reason, for above a Thousand Years before, been hammering into their Pates, and for which they were as sure of great Rewards in the next World, as that History would record their Names, look you, in this: Put we, (I desire you Cousin, of all Love, to observe me) we I say, only because, perhaps, we are oppos'd at an Election, in which we are engag'd to set up one of our own Friends, or miss some Place at Court, or any where else, which we imagine would relate to our Benefit or Ease, or being sometimes possess'd with a strange Whim of much less consideration than either, namely consent for the sake of our several Parties, (without really knowing whether
ever

eyes, the Church or State will be so much as one Homily, or Gringe the better for ~~you~~ to be dorser'd here to Execution; where you rais'd Originally with the ancient Seed of *Danthonian Carrots*, in an honourable West Country Knight's Garden, the now lately transplanted here, into our Neighbourhood, boldly and voluntarily sacrifice your self for the *Low Church Cause*, to be snipt into Morfels, then Paganly skew'd amongst some Chumps of Senatorial Beef, to make strong Broth for the better strengthening your admir'd Patron who is to devour ye; as I my self likewise, amongst the rest here of devoted *Leeks*, all Gentry of our Family, Martyr like, lay down our Hoary Heads, to be bak'd in a Domestic Receptacle, vulgarly call'd, *a Pie*, together with some Well-affected Herrings, our Fellow-Sufferers, all *High-Flyers* too, as a *Regalia* for our Member at his *Saturday's Dinner*.

Now I say then to you, good Cousin, making reflection upon this, and the minute Qualities of it; look you, I cannot but think that we undoubtedly deserve to be more famous than they; the Generosities of the Suffering being

being more particular, the Considerations of it, when our Floods are up, and Humour is set upon't, being of no force to controul what has to wisely, as we think, bin resolv'd.

That, troth, I'me Hugeous afraid of good Vriend *Copple*, reply'd *West-Country*, getting his Snout a little into the Air, from the rest of his Bunch, who like the Dinners of the Ancient *Hunns*, had a long time been squeez'd under the Old Woman's Buttocks; That, I zay, among zome Book-learn'd Schollards of these tymes, will zhure be a thing of zome doubt; nor Odd-diggers, can I my zel, for all cham in this pickle, for my Opinion, as you call'd it just now, zay truly whether cham wise in doing zoe or no, for to tell you the truth, I have bin thinking a leet bitt since we begun our Journey, that the stanch Reason vor all this horrible Jangling and outrageous Spite between the *Highb Church* and *Low*, as we call our zells, is, if we pry honestly into the matter, and suppose both to be Friends to the Government, dee mind me, a woundy slight one, both pretend to go to Church, and to defy the Papists, and
all

all their Gimcracks, and both likewise renounce the Prince of *W—*, and all Tytles Lawful or Unlawful, that have any relation to him, why well a fine then, if this be zoe, and Conscience, Honesty, or Zeal, for the good of the Nation in reality, as the zaying is, had any concern in the Matter, the Case of valling out is zoe slight, that chil maintain it the Parson of any Country Parish that zells a Jugg of Ale of his own brewing every *Zunday* after Sermon, may by making both Partiesto draw Cuts with two Straws, easily put an End, odzooks, to the whole.

But, hold ye Neighbour, there is and odd sort of a buisy thing call'd, Knavish Profit, that is perpetually greasing his Fingers in the Governments Pies ; why, lookee then, if we can bring that to bear, dee zee, a vallue equal with our Sufferings, 'tis hugeous well ; but if not, vaith and troth, we had better have been growing at Home, than stewing here, well now, since chave zaid zoe much, chill goe on a leet vurder, Profit or Interest take which o 'em ye will, is most certainly then the true Original
of

of the *High-Church and Low Faction*, and the same Reason that makes a Butcher blow up a Shoulder of Veal, against his Customers come to Market to buy Provender, makes every Member of each Party blow up that Opinion, that he hopes for his own sake is, or shall soon grow to be, that of the Major side, this same now Neighbour breeds grumbling in Gizzards; hard Words' virst, and then hundreds of Sculls are crackt, and at an Election, double the number of Blockheads scarce get home agen without broken Bones; nay, they are so woundy hot about it, that to be plain, Neighbour, chavé thought 'em often to be all your Countrymen, whose Corps are compounded with such a plaugee deal of vire in 'em, that like Tinder-Boxes with the least Spark that valls, odzooks, they are presently all in a Flame.

I pray you now of all Love, cood Cousin *Sandy*, reply'd *Coppolecrown*, a little nettled, go on with your Speeches and Discourses, and if you continue apout it, look you a whole Year and a Day, hur shall excercise hur Patience and hur Manners, with-

K

out

out Interruptions or Contradictions ; but to fall from the Subjects and Matters in hand, to making Reflections, and Pribble Prabbles, I must tell you, is out of the way, and from the point : Proceed therefore I pray you now, for my Tongue is not altogether void of Inclinations to put in a pob ; but that is all one, proceed, proceed, I pray you.

Why, I say then, continued *Sandy*, taking no notice of the others changing Colour, all things considered ; this squabbling amongst us, and suapping off one anothers Noses is no great Cordial to her Majesty, *Oak Royal* : Nor, vaith and troth, if the Truth might be spoke at all times, and the right Key were put into the right Hole, no great benefit to the Subject ; the good *Oak*, Heaven bless her, I warrant her, sleeps many an Hour the less for't, she knows well a fine, what Mischief such Divisions do, what Measures the proud overgrown *Goshawk* takes by 'em, who 'tis believ'd had been lowr'd long agoe, and his Pounces pair'd to the Quick, had not zome of our Parties, by neglecting Duty on their sides, or for Self-interest

interest, by betraying Secrets, to advance his Interest, given him a Buckler to defend the Blow ; else, 'tis zure enough, he had ne'er been able to make head so often against us, after he had been zoe very well thrasht ; nor would it have been in his Power, Odzooks, to play a second Trick of Legerdemain with us, in relation to a Peace, as he did lately, when by getting to himself the Name of a grand Politician and Wit, he has dold to zome of the topping volk in the Province of *Roses*, the tytle of *Vools*, faith and troth, and this, I zay again, her Majesty knoweth well-a-fine, and likewise what Slackness and Corruption it breeds in the Army, at Land, and what Neglect and Knavery in zome part of the Fleet at Zea ; pray ye mind me, vor cham a plain Dealer, I zay zome of 'em, I dont offer, lookee, to throw my dirt upon all, and especially Sir *Corral Thumpem*, odslidikins, hees one that does the Forest Credit, hees one that her Majesty should call her *Heart of Oak*, and with new Reward give it him for a new Title ; hees one that wont tack about when Monsieur *Jam-soutre*

bears down towards him, nor take a Hundred Baggs of Pistoles, to excuse the sending with Balls to 'em so many Charges of Gunpowder; 'twas he that buff'd old *Grilliardo*, when he bragg'd of his Ghostly Dragoons, and was every day blessing the Blades of Broad-Swords, and crossing the Touch-holes of each Fuzee; and who in spite of all his conjuring Tricks, taking *De Porto*, made the way clear to the Grand *Metropolis*, squar'd the Old Dragons *Tripple Circles*, and at last reduc'd him to comply, and own King *Widgeon*, whose Hopes and Expectation could not extend even to the Belief of such a Benefit; in short, without many more Words, whether he be of the *High-Church*, or *Low Party*, I cannot tell, but he makes no Mischief on neither side, which, Od-zooks, 'tis plainly to be made out, all the rest of us do, but is Loyal to his Sovereign, stout when Occasion is proper to try him, and a true vriend to the Interest of the *Province of Roses*, and now I think chave zaid enough o him, who neither is, nor ever was, led by the Nose, as you and I are, Neighbour, that to oblige zome great Volk

Volk; who, ten to one, care not one Dogs-turd vor us, zoe we serve their Ends, Snarle and Vote, and as blind as a couple of Beetles, sacrifice our Carcasses to 'em in this manner, as appears; nay, oddiggers, tho the Humour is so unreasonable that there is no Medium in't, but they grow by perpetual foaming to mortal Hate, and would be glad to poison one another; yet being out-witted by one cunninger and more a Knave (dee mind me) then my zelf; I can't forbear, like a Zot as I am, to let my zelf be brought into this Condition. There is, cry'd lately a good natured Butler of one of the *High Flyers* to his Master, and please your Worship, *Goodman Ploushare*, your Neighbour, who digging in the Quarry below the Hill yonder, a great Stone falling upon him, has broke his Thigh all to Pieces, will your Worship be pleas'd to order a Horse to carry the Poor Man Home, who else may die before any Surgeon can be got?—And how came your Civility zoe much upon the ferment, ye frothy Zon of a Whore, answered the charitable Patron, to move your Sawfiness to further zuch a Matter?

hah.—Don't you know, with a Pox
 tee ye thick-scall'd Puppy, that hees
 a stubborn *Low-Church Rascal*, and
 one that voted against me at my
 last Election; No, let him lie there
 and be damn'd; I have no *Horses* to
 drag Home zuch Rubbish.— Ano-
 ther of our moderate zort too, as we
 call our zelves, being told that Squire
Venture the Merchant, his Relation,
 by a dreadful Fire that happened, had
 lost a whole Street of Houses, burnt
 out himself, and his whole Family
 utterly ruin'd, cries out upon hearing
 the News, in an elder-like canting
 Tone; A Judgment, ah Lard, A
 Judgment, I expected what would be-
 come of the Proud *High-Flyer*, odf-
 nigs, Ime glad his Wings are clipt,
 he and his beggarly Brood can now do
 us no more Mischief; lookee Fellow
 Sufferer, you must excuse me dee zee,
 vor cham now a little upon the fret,
 and the Truths that come uppermost
 will out: Are not these two very
 Moral, Conscientious Persons, and
 fit in each Party to Model Affairs in
 Government? Well, to make and
 end then, vor I vind your Ears begin
 to tingle, and your Tongue may
 chance

chance to grow rusty, vor want of Motion, take this Touch at parting ; were we, lookee Vriends with one another, our Foes might go hang themselves in despair that they could do us no damage, but whilst we are every ry Hour ready to cut one another's Throats, take it from me, who was, Odswowkers, bred up no Voole, tho' chav zince made my self one ; the Nation's Interest will always truckle to ours, and we are both so stubborn and headstrong, that we care not if we make Wherstones of ourselves to sharpen the *Goshawk's* Claws, tho' he pinches to the Bone, rather than not carry the Point that we both strive vor against one another — Enough, enough, cood Neighbour, cry'd out *Copple*, then impatiently, odsplutter-a-nails, you have wound up your self now into Rages and Passions, which, I assure you, does fery much Eclipse the Reasons and Understandings, and the Serene Qualities of the Souls, look you ; therefore, I beseech you go on fairly, shew your Moderation a little now, I pray you ; — Ay, that's very well by my troth, from you ; — Smartly, reply'd *Sandy*, who come

from a Race that were all of 'em as hot as Pepper; and who,——should any one that argues against you, deny only that the healing Quality of the Skin of a Green Leek is good to cure Scald-Heads, and Broken Shins, would vollow him to revenge the Affront, with as much spite, as if he had Ham-string'd his Vather, Ravish'd his Wife or Daughter, or what would vex him worse than either, swear he could prove his Family to be no Shentlemen; odslidikins, how you stare now; what, I warrant you han't heard of the Duel in the Sawpit, about a piece of Toasted-Cheese, have you? why then since cham not quite weary yet, chill conclude with a short Story: —— *Copple-Crown* look'd as white as a Clout at his mentioning this, and biting his Tongue for Madness, was once or twice struggling to get at him, to fly in his Face; but being confin'd, was forc'd to contain himself whilst t'other carelessly thus went on.—— The Knight, my Master, was a Schollard, you must know, and bred at the University, and as he told the Story one day, walking in the Garden, there was a
College

College founded by one *Price*, a Person of a very great Estate, and as staunch a *Britton* as the best of ye, who at his Death, left it largely endow'd for the training up of the Youth that were Natives of his own Country, which was supervis'd carefully, and a long time manag'd with great Discretion; however, at certain times, some Bickerings and Turmoils would occasionally happen between that and other Colleges, who vinding the chollerick Humour of the *Brittons*, would often, to make themselves Merry, plague'em with stinging Jest; and especially one particular time, which was they zay, the Birth-day of *St. Taffy* their Gottamighty; an arch Rogue of one of the other Colleges, resolving to nettle'em to the Quick, gets a piece of Cheese, at least, half a Yard long, Toasted, and then nails it upon the Gate, with this Writing, if chave not forgot the Words in Paper pasted underneath;

Hugo Preesh,
Built this Colleeesh,
For Jesus Creeesh,

And

The Fable of the Oak

*And the Welsh Geesh,
Who Love a Peeish
Of Toasted-Cheesh,
And here it ish.*

But, odzookers, here comes the Jest now, what rage do you think inflam'd the Hot-heads within, there was nothing but railing and foaming for several Days after, there were Oaths and Curses in every Corner, and at last, a Reward propos'd for the Discovery of the horrible Scoundrel, which at last, (For what won't Money do?) Neighbour, was brought to effect, and the bold Scribler found out, who had no less than seventy odd Challenges sent him by next Morning; but one particularly, and the Writer of it, not thinking the common way of poking through the Gutts sufficient, appoints a Meeting alone in a Sawpit, stark naked, and the Weapons to be Bagonet and Blunderbuss, At this last Word, *Copple-Crown* utterly unable to hold out any longer, making his Face, by forcing his Passion, glow as red as t'others, was just going to challenge *West-Country* to the same Sawpit, and at the same Weapons,

Weapons. When the Old-Woman, being now arriv'd to the Place where she was to sell her Ware, dismounted, and throwing both the Bunches into different Corners, put an End to the intended terrible Encounter, as I do now to my Story.

To proceed conclusively to other proper Matters.

The Two brave Generals, before mentioned, finding themselves extremely injur'd, and that the late Overtures of Peace, propos'd by the Insolent *Goshawk*, was nothing but an Amusement, or another Politick Fetch to gain time to recruit and supply his Necessities, resolv'd to frustrate his Plot with all possible Diligence and Speed; and therefore, whilst he, with a numerous Army of Rabble, as I said before, lay sculking in their Lines, not daring to venture a Battle, turning unexpectedly a little from 'em, suddenly laid Siege to *Tanruot*, which tho' with more Difficulty, than other of their brave Enterprizes, yet in short time after, they, likewise, made surrender.

Tourney

And

And, now the late Conquests of the Tyrant *Goffhawk*, began to moulder away extreamly, which happy Chance to increase with additional Glory, the brave Generals, aforesaid, not giving him any time to consider; resolv'd upon the greatest and most dangerous Attempt that had ever yet been undertaken, through the whole course of the War.

The Enemy, whose chiefeft Refuge, was always confidently plac'd in the subtle management and strength of their Lines: And besides, at this Juncture, not designing a Battle, but as they had done before, to lie close, and weary out the Enemy for the Season; believing, as pushing as they were known to be, they durst not venture upon an Enterprize where there was certainly known such visible and undoubted Hazzard, were confounded to the last Extreme; when they to their Horror found the undaunted Duke of *Birch-Grove*, and the daring Prince *Tyger*, near the Ancient and famous City of *Snom*, suddenly attack 'em; and tho' with the utmost Labour and Industry, buried in the Security of Trebble Trenches, with

with Two Wings of the Confederate Forces, inspir'd by Valour of the brave Duke *Havethorn*, and Prince *Corrall*, who fearless led 'em into the Wood, drove them with incredible Bravery out of their Fastnesses, and by that unexpected Action; tho' with considerable Loss in overcoming the great Advantages, forc'd the Enemy to retreat and leave the Field, not daring to come on, tho' in Battle-array, and sensible of the extreme Fatigue, that in doing so extraordinary an Action, the conquering Party must lie under.

This last *Blow*, in spite of all the Flourishes of the *Gosbawk's* Officers, and the Vain-glorious Epistle of the boasting Marshal *de Caccow*, was yet another Mortal Stab to him; insomuch, that finding the inconstant Goddess, *Fortune*, so resolutely bent against him, and also the Cries of his sacrificed People perpetually howling for Money and Bread; he once more has recourse to his former Artifice, which was his new Inclination to sign the Preliminaries, in order to establish a Lasting and General Peace.

But

But, whilst this was generally buzzing about the Province, and every Native declar'd his Opinion of its Verity or Falshood, according to their several Sentiments. Another accidental Disturbance suddenly broke out in the Province, which not only rais'd those that were call'd, *High-Flyers*, to an extreme pitch of Discontent; but also infatuated them who vallued themselves for Prudence and Moderation of t'other Party, to proceed to an Action, believ'd since by the real Wise, to be very Rash and Indiscreet; the Matter at first being rais'd and begun by a few, tho' at last ending with great Trouble and Tumult.

The Worshippers of the Deity in the *Province of Roses*, had for many Years been of various Opinions; and as was hinted before, were thereby unfortunately and often, fatally instrumental in procuring their own great Disquiets and Damages. And now there happen'd an unlucky Occasion for both Parties to Decide and Prove (tho with great Trouble and Charge to her Majesty, *Oak Royal*, who would willingly have hindred their unnatural

Disse-

Differences) which was the greatest and most opulent of the Two.

* *Rabbi Quince*, one of the Venerable Tribe, appointed to instruct the People, being strenuously resolv'd for the *Eusebian* Party, commonly call'd, *The High-Flyers*, took an Opportunity in very Hot and Inveterate Oration, the vehemence of which (if such an Action can possibly blemish a Person of such eminent Parts, as afterwards by another, he prov'd himself to be) was generally allow'd a high Misdemeanour, and to give much Offence to those great Ones, and Others who own'd themselves to be of the Low side, nor did this give birth to an Animosity of Trivial Account, for the Cause not wanting Incendiaries: The aforesaid *Rabbi*, being, for that Boldness, Impeach'd by the *Sanhedrin*. The Mob, hooted on, as was suppos'd, by some Leaders of King *Goshawk's* Faction, pretending only to burn the Nests of the Hornets, humming up and down, proceeded with such Violence and Rapidity that 'tis wonderful to relate; The whole Province in a few Hours broke out in a Flame. And had not the good Genius of the

Pro-

The Fable of the Oak

Province of Roses, interpos'd and speedily quell'd it, the Tumult caus'd by the famous *Massanello* in *Naples*; perhaps would scarcely have out done it, but as happy Fate ordained, that Riot was soon over, and the aforesaid *Rabbi* brought to a Legal Trial, before an assembled Grove of the noblest Trees, that compos'd the August and Prudent *Sanhedrim*, where amongst all that pleaded against the Offendor, Lord *Red-Rose*, newly instated by her Majesty, *Oak Royal*, for his great Merit and Abilities to be Chief in Justiciary Affairs over the Province, made the most Learned and Sensible Harrangue, nor did the subtil *Rabbi* himself, in his turn, fail to shew his timely Cunning and Sophistry; but when he had leave to exercise his Talient in his own Defence, wittily crush'd out of himself so much of his Natural Tart Juice, and compounded it so wisely, that in its stead, he made himself a *Regalia* of delicious *Marmalade*, and by the Cordial Quality of his luscious Taste, ingag'd a general liking from all, especially the non-resisting Female Plants, that made up the Number of his Auditory.

To

*Ld. Justice Parker**The women.*

To improve his Good Fortune too, this skilful Management of his, had soon after its desired and intended Consequence, for the assembled *Grove* wisely considering, after several learned Debates amongst them, that the Turbulent as well as Crafty *Goshawk*, and his Party, at that Juncture, would not fail to take Advantage of the inveterate Animosities, that in this Case might happen amongst the fermented Natives in the Province of *Roses*, thought fit mildly, tho' they had the Power to do otherwise, to give an easy Sentence upon the *Rabbi*; which being as they Imagin'd, enough to allay the Loquacious Violence he us'd, and discourage such rash and as they term'd it, seditious Orations for the future, after a World of Bustle and publick Discontent, at last concluded the whole Affair.

But notwithstanding this, the *Eusebian* Party, tho' the *Rabbi* himself, being cast, was condemn'd to suffer some slight Indignities; imagin'd, with Good Reason, that they had gain'd their Point, as by following Successes was prov'd with greater certainty; for soon after this, the Gra-

L

cious.

cious *Oak*, when it was least expected; her Eyes being clear'd to see either some approaching Danger, or finding some Defect in Performance of Official Duties, at once made a Change in the whole Ministry, removing on a sudden the Earl of *Pomes d' Or*, Lord *Sycamour*, Lord *Holley*, Lord *Wallnut*, Sir *Poplar of the Valley*, and several other great ones of the Party, and in their Places admitted the great Earl of *Elms*, who was known to be engag'd to her by a Royal and near Affinity, the noble and generous Duke *Cypress*, the renown'd Duke *Vine*, Sir *Aps Legis*, and Sir *Poplar of the Hill*; besides the highly valued and deserving Duke *Mulberry*, a new Favourite, whose industrious and Loyal Diligence in her Majesties Affairs, and that of the *Eusebian* Party, not only made him happy by her Gracious Acknowledgments, but conspicuous to all the great Ones that deserve that Title, who belong to, or Inhabit the *Province of Roses*; and further, to confirm publicly her Resolution of making a thorough Change in Affairs, she immediately gave Orders to dissolve the *Sanhedrin*; and so by putting

ting all Things on a new Foot, gave the *Eusebian* Party (who by the other's violent Prosecution of the aforesaid *Rabbi*, were very much fermented and grown by a great Degree more strong) opportunity to push on their Interests, and carry their Elections in most parts of the Province, and by their Unbyass'd Votes, to advantage (as 'twas hop'd for by the Wise and conscientious) the Divine *Eusebia*, who had so long a time been suppos'd by them in a decaying and distressful Condition.

The high Ch. party.

The Church of England

In full hopes then, to bring all things to a happy conclusion, I must now leave them a little to vary the Scene again into the Camp and Field; the renowned Generals of the Allies were still atchieving new Wreaths of Glory for themselves, and diminishing those of the ambitious *Goshawk*, the strong Fortrefs of *Tarwood* likewise taken, and the important *Rya* soon expected to surrender; which Successes, tho' great and admirable, yet came short of a noble Victory, obtained in the Region of *Grapes*, over the usurping King *Lanneret*, by the Valiant *Mallardo*, General for the Impe-

Dowry

Ain

Sturmburg

Argile

madrid

rial *Ganza*, and the Gallant *Oser*, sent thither by *Oak Royal*, which was of such Consequence in the Affairs of the late disappointed King *Widgeon*; that, pursuing his admir'd Success, he straight marches to *Dirdam*, the place of Residence of King *Lanneret*, and at that Juncture gave him once more Hopes of a quick and fortunate Revolution of the total Monarchy.

But his Old Enemy malicious Fortune, was, notwithstanding all possible Endeavours to the contrary, still resolved to cross his Expectations; for wanting Supplies both from his, or the *Imperial Ganza's* Forrest, as well as the *Province of Roses*; who could not timely furnish him with Power sufficient to settle, and fix to a Continuance his new Possession; he was for fear of being surprized by the neighbouring *Grandeas*, Subjects to King *Lanneret*, whose Loyalty was not yet brought into Subjection, suddenly forc'd to remove from *Dirdam*, and the momentary Regalities that had entertained him there; yet did the inconstant Goddess reserve another Post of Royalty for him, which in its Nature and Eminence exceeded
the

the other, so long strove for and fought by himself and Relations, with the Assistance of the Potent and Amicable Allies in general; this was the *Ganzian Empire*, sometime after made headless by the Decease of *Ganza Imperiale*, who was suddenly taken out of the World, leaving it in Admiration what would be the result of this new turn, that embarrass'd no less than half *Europe* with diversity of Thought and Actions, suitable to the considerable trouble in politick Matters, that engag'd both Princes and Populace to manage wisely upon that extraordinary Occasion.

The difficult War, in the Region of *Grapes*, began in this critical Juncture to slacken; King *Lanneret's* Party seem'd to be very resolute in defending his Right, as they thought it, as well as King *Widgeon's* Friends to set up and authorize his; and now in the next Imperial Election, 'twas thought none stood more fair than he, and most People believ'd he could not fail of succeeding.

But leaving this grand turn of State in Agitation, relating to Affairs in the *Ganzian Empire*, and Kingdom

Philip

Charles

of *Grapes* ; now let us return to another very considerable one, that happen'd, likewise, in the Province of *Roses* ; and which, no less, drew the Eyes of *Europe* upon 'em, than the other had done before : The Affairs of the *Eusebian* Party, which, as is observed, had been put upon a High Ferment by the *Rabbi Quince* , were now brought to so solid a Conclusion, that the Gracious *Oak* did not only seriously listen and adhere to their approv'd Reason and Counsels ; but resolv'd to proceed by a new and strenuous Incouragement in the Alteration of Affairs, and by changing the late *Sanhedrin*, and calling a new, where the *Eusebian* Party, by a great Majority, signaliz'd themselves , gave them occasion vigorously to carry on the Work with great Advantage ; the Learned, Judicious, and unanimously Respected Sir *Asb Hearall* , being chosen Speaker, whose Judgment in Legislative Matters, as well as Maxims of Political Government, and other Systems of Genuine Wisdom, was generally admir'd and approv'd ; thus flourishing with great Renown and Applause, the Body Politick began to
exer-

exercise their several and distinctive Offices; tho' at that time they receiv'd a considerable Maim by a sudden unexpected Blast that malevolently felled to the Ground, the great and worthily lamented Earl of *Elms*, whose long Experience might have opportunely given very solid and considerable Assistance, and who was just before, happily reinstated in the Councils and Favour of *Oak Royal*; besides, the Alteration of the Ministry had scarce been set on foot, when an accident happened that gave a strange Occasion for the speedier Growth and Exaltation of one of the most principal Trees, amongst the *Eusebian* Party; the Account of the Accident is as follows.

There was at that time resident in the chief Forest of the Province, Count *Bittern*, a natural Subject of King *Gosbawk*, who having, for some lewd Misdemeanour, or other Offences, deserted his Native Country, had sometime sheltered himself there, and getting into Credit with some of the noblest of the *Grove*, a Pension was ordain'd him which he had not long enjoy'd, when some of *Oak Royal's* most deserving

Count Guiscard

Subjects began to suspect him for a Spie; and their Doubt growing to a greater Degree, his Pension was soon after suspended, and the Count totally deserted and left to his Shifts, which now gave him Occasion to pursue a fatal Revenge and Endeavour by giving Treasonable Intelligence to the Ministers of King *Gosbarwk*, of the Cabinet Affairs in the Province, to regain the lost Favour of his former Master: But by the Diligence and wary Observation of Sir *Virdant Limes*; who had by this time gain'd unanswerable Proofs of his villanous Dealing and Designs; he was forthwith Detected, and brought Prisoner before an Assembly of the noblest of the Province, where being openly display'd and convicted, and having not opportunity at that Juncture, to revenge himself on the said Sir *Virdant Limes*, fell despairingly upon the next he could get at, which was the Wife (and as I have hinted before, the greatly honoured for his extraordinary Abilities) Sir *Poplar of the Hill*, giving him suddenly a wound design'd to be mortal, tho' his Good Genius that attended him, diverted the Intention,

turn-

P. John

Harley

turning the horrible Mischief upon himself, who deservedly found a Punishment proper, and a Death much too favourable for so Infamous an Affair; being afterwards, for some time, put into Pickle, and expos'd as a ridiculous, as well as odious Spectacle to all the Natives of the Province, as well as those of his own Nation, who came as Spectators, and perhaps might tacitly wish he had been more successful in his damnable Design.

And now, to observe again by what wonderful and unexpected Methods Providence decrees the Rise of the deserving Favourite, the Gracious *Oak* maturely weighing the Merit, Wisdom and Loyalty, of those she had design'd to exalt, and give Opportunity to employ themselves at the Helm, and to be near her Person, ordains the change in this manner, the former valued and long intrusted Lord *Sycamore* Chancellor of the whole Province, was remov'd; and in his Office minutely fixt the most learned in the Laws, and highly rever'd, Sir *Aps Legis*; the Earl of *Walnuts*, Earl of *Limes*, and several others, also dismiss'd, and new ones of Honour and Probity

Honours

*Harley**L. misur?*

Probity Instated, but none with such remarkable Greatness and Favour, as the before mentioned *Sir Poplar of the Hill*; whom now the Sovereign resolving to shew her Royal Acknowledgment and Regard to Merit, which she had long observ'd to be extraordinary, and of superiour Regard relating to her Service, and willing also to give due Satisfaction for his late Mischief and Hazard of his Life; not only conferr'd on him the opulent and first rate Post of *Pomes d' Or*, but honour'd him also with a Title equal to the Principal of the Nobles, with free and continual Assurance of the repeated Instances of her Royal Favours.

Thus then with a Chain of various Successes, Affairs went dragging on in the *Province of Roses*; when those abroad were likewise noted to be very extraordinary; the force of King *Goshawk*, notwithstanding the frequent Reprimands given them yearly by the Renown'd and still Successful General, the Duke of *Birch Grove*, every Year still appearing in the Field, tho' only to shew themselves; and tho' they received another Shock by the taking

and her three Provinces.

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Bouchain



taking of the strong-hold of *Niabcuob*, yet seem'd impertinently to persist in proceeding as formerly, and the Confirmation of Peace being still wavering, 'till at last the Hopes of it were somewhat enlarged by the Free Election of King *Widgeon*, notwithstanding the *Gosbawk's* Power, Policy and Contrivances, to the Imperial Dignity.

This Success, tho' great in its particular, yet gave a new turn to his Affairs in general, some Numbers of his former Adherents boggling at the thought of his now aspiring Grandeur of being Monarch of the Empire, and of the Region of *Grapes* likewise; on this Suggestion, several of the Allies slackened their Ardency for further War, and now new and considerable Offers being again made by the antiquated and tired *Gosbawk*, Plenipotentiaries were sent to a Place appointed, where the whole might be largely and honourably debated.

Employ'd in this Grand Affair, I leave em, and turn again to the Province of *Roses*, to give Account of a Transaction there, which to the Reader will appear the most unexpected, and wonderful of all here recited;
and

and which with some unwillingness and regret, considering the great and admirable Person concern'd, I am oblig'd to place amongst the rest of these Historical Matters, but since 'tis Impossible to proceed to a just Conclusion without the recital of that accompt, it must be inserted as follows;

The Gracicus *Oak Royal*, consulting with the New Ministry, as has been notified, was resolv'd to make a thoro' Change amongst those that call'd themselves the *Low Party*; as appears by the ensuing Instance; for amongst the rest of the once thought settled Favourite, the famous and esteem'd General, the renown'd Duke *Birch Grove* was, at his return Home from the Camp, suddenly dismiss'd, not only from his Noble Command; but also from all other Offices and Attendance at Court; his Consort, the celebrated Lady *Ivy*, having suffered the same Shock of malevolent Fortune some time before,

D. malborough

Duchess of Marl.

Various, you may believe, were the Sentiments of the Natives on this considerable Accident, all endeavouring to pry into the Nature of the Cause and Reason for this extraordinary Affair,

fair, his Friends not forbearing largely to express their Resentment, nor his Enemies from inveterately aggravating the Merit of his Disgrace, Libels were as numerous as Signs in the Streets; the Great *Sanhedrim* likewise taking hold of some supposed Miscarriages in his Martial Station, voted them *Illegal and Unwarrantable*, but what 'tis believed most Irritated, was the unaccountable Bulk of his prodigious Wealth, which with a general Cry they all declared he never generously made use of either amongst the Army as he was gaining it, nor to the Honour or Benefit of his Sovereign or Country; but possess'd with fatal Avarice, a Vice most Pernicious and Unnatural in so great a Commander, acquired the Anger, and stirred up the Resentments of a Numerous and Enrag'd Party. The Effects of which unlucky Parsimony, touching in particular me as well as others, who in the Post I was in, had for twelve Years together, annually express'd my Love and Duty by Presents in Lyrical Verse; constantly celebrating his Victories, and effectual Successes without ever any return, but now and then a good Look, which

which cost him nothing, and a graceful Reception, a natural Appendix to his courtly Behaviour; yet, notwithstanding this, such an engaging Charm has Merit in its Nature, and so sensibly was my Soul touch'd with his, that I smother'd in silence my own Resentments, and also prevented the publishing a certain Poem that came to my Hands, that would have caus'd considerable Uneasiness one way, tho' another, Great, tho' Illnatur'd Diversion and Satisfaction, besides getting by the Sale of it, as much or more than any Reward expected from him, could reasonably amount to.

Others more Vindictive and Licitious had not such Regard for his Merit; notorious Libels frequently spreading abroad, and many of 'em inveterately tainted with more Malice than Justice. And now, to come slowly to a Conclusion, the great *Sanhedrin* thought fit to lay by Affairs concerning him for a Season; new Matters relating to Peace, as before hinted, being again on Foot, tho' not unanimously agreeing, the Imperial *Ganza*, with the States of the Continent of *Plasby* demurring for some felt-

selfish and politick Reasons, and therefore at first, notwithstanding these Halcyon Notions, Preparation for War was agitating as orderly as ever, on all sides, the greatly belov'd and highly deserving Duke *Cypress*, being chosen by *Oak Royal*, as Generalissimo over her Forces in the room of the late mentioned renowned Duke of *Birch Grove*, and soon after sent away, but when, pursuant to his Heroick Temper, he was big with hopes of Action, and perpetuating his Glory by a considerable Advantage, that he and the glorious Prince *Tyger* thought they had gained of the Enemy, Orders were sent from the Province of *Roses*, strictly forbidding all Attacks on his Part, which tho' receiv'd with a condescending Duty, proper for the Noble Soul of the Gallant *Cypress*; yet on t'other side, every one may guess what Heart-burning and Dissatisfaction must rage in a generous Bosom, where thirst of Glory was so predominant.

And now to prove what had so long been expected, was Authenrick, and near Ratification.

Suc-

Succeeding this, presently follow'd
 a long Speech from her Majesty, *Oak*
Royal, which denoted real and con-
 clusive Offers of Peace, on the part
 of King *Goshawk* to the Confederacy,
 which considerable Point (veiling
 her Royal Prerogative) she thought
 fit to communicate to the assembled
Sankedrin, and also in return, graci-
 ously received their general Acknow-
 ledgment in Addresses, proper for the
 welcome Occasion. On which happy
 Theme, hoping for no more Prevari-
 cations on the suspected *Goshawk's*
 part; I give you to conclude, with some
 Motions of Joy, part of a Poem lately
 dedicated to a Noble and Judicious
 Patriot.

*Hail then, thou Sacred Dove, that like the first
 Art sent abroad, as when the World was curst;
 That by thy Leaf there may be understood,
 A glad Abatement of the Raging Flood; [Brawl,
 And that when Heaven thus quells the greater
 We may have Hopes it will include the small.*

*Now let Apollo's Off-spring too proclaim
 In Song Triumphant Sacred Anna's Name,
 And tell Great Britain how her Glorious QUEEN,
 As once the Prophet, Godlike and Serene,
 When Israel for their Grand Offences curst,
 Were plagu'd with Drought, and almost dy'd with
 Lest petrid War should too Obdurate grow, [Thirst.
 Struck with her peaceful Wand the Rock, and
 made the Waters flow.*

F I N I S.

